The Nation

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The Week

In Presidential messages it is quality, not quantity, that counts; and Mr. Wilson's announcement that he intends to adhere to his own precedent in regard to brevity as well as in regard to the delivery of his messages to Congress in person will be accepted with satisfaction by the public, without distinction of party. His speech at the opening of the regular session of Congress will doubtless be much longer than the address with which he opened the extra session; but the very fact of oral delivery precludes the idea of such long-drawn-out dissertations as have been recently the fashion in messages from the White House. Of the many ways in which the Presidency towers above everything else in this country, there is perhaps none more remarkable than its power of commanding public attention. This unique advantage can be frittered away by too frequent use of the opportunity, reducing a Presidential utterance to the level of an ordinary occurrence; and it can be greatly weakened by mere overdoing in point of quantity. Mr. Wilson, since his inauguration, has been sparing in the number of his appearances, not only in person but even in print; and his utterances have been brief as well as few. Evidently, all this is no accident, but the carrying out of a fixed policy.

One recognized test of fidelity to the principles of civil-service reform is the number of "special exceptions" to the rules made by Executive order. In this respect a comparison is made by *Good Government* between the record of President Taft and that of President Wilson. The latter had, up to October 1, made twenty-six special exceptions—that is, appointments in the classified service without examination. Of these one was simply the renewal of an order issued by Mr. Taft, one was to permit a Japanese to take service in the Geological Survey, ten were reinstatements of men who, it is alleged, had been removed for political reasons, three were for appointments to minor clerical positions. Of the entire twenty-six, *Good Government* asserts that only two were really necessary. As to President Taft, it goes on to say that "his Administration made an average of sixty-one special exceptions a year, and his record at the end of his term was unusually bad. In the last seven months of his term he issued fifty-two orders affecting seventy-two persons." Thus it will be seen that, by comparison, and especially in view of the great pressure for offices put upon him during his first months in office, President Wilson has in this matter done considerably better than his predecessor. But this does not mean that he ought not to do better still.

The threat which Secretary Houston now directs against one of our most time-honored democratic institutions—the Congressional distribution of free seed—would be more dismaying if it were less familiar. Three hundred thousand dollars are annually wasted upon this form of official courtesy, when they might be spent on perfecting new seed varieties, or in other work of a really beneficial sort to agriculture. Wasted! When, from the point of view of your rural Congressman, there is nothing that so warms the cockles of political remembrance as an unwearied zeal in supplying the constituency with sunflower and pumpkin seed! When there are instances on record of families, by concerted effort, obtaining enough peas or beans for a substantial addition to the household larder! Then, too, there is the value of maintaining a paternal tradition from those brave days when the Western pioneer actually required such governmental assistance. Those who feel alarmed will doubtless find consolation in the futility of similar undertakings by the Secretary's predecessors.

Mr. Pindell of Peoria having denied that he ever received Senator Lewis's letter in regard to the Russian Embassy, and Senator Lewis having attributed its paternity to a discharged employee, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson are going ahead with their plan of giving Pindell of Peoria a pleasant vacation for a year or so at St. Petersburg. He admits that he cannot stay out the full term, as his business will not permit. Mr. Bryan has the gravity not only to attribute the criticism of this appointment to "malicious misrepresentation," but to assert that the President will not allow this "to interfere with his right to nominate to the Senate the *best qualified men* within his choice for conspicuous and responsible positions." Pindell of Peoria the best qualified man when the country might have called on such men as W. W. Rockhill and John W. Riddle, who have spent years in the diplomatic service—Rockhill his whole life—both having been at St. Petersburg and other capitals. What may we not expect next from Mr. Bryan? We sincerely wish that the Senate would not confirm this nomination—though that is, we suppose, too much to expect—because of its obvious unfitness.

It would be a public misfortune if Mr. Wilson's Secretaries should deliberately assume the Rooseveltian attitude of charging everybody who disagrees with them with malice or improper motives. This is the second or third time that Mr. Bryan has been guilty of this. The criticisms of his appearing in vaudeville with bell-ringers and yodlers he brushed aside as based on a tissue of misrepresentations and being due solely to a malicious purpose to injure him. Mr. McAdoo sees in the protest against segregation chiefly an injury to Mr. Wilson through misrepresentation of facts; and his foolish outcry against the conspiracy of the Wall Street bankers to depreciate the value of their own bond holdings will be recalled. Apparently, in the Pindell case the net result of criticism is to make the Administration more obstinately determined than ever to make a blunder.

A National Convention of the Republican party in 1914, held in order to confess that control of the National Convention of 1912 was determined by the delegates from rotten boroughs, would be something of a novelty. Yet it is recommended by the law committee of the Republican National Committee. Only by a Convention can the basis of representation in Conventions be set right. We shall hear much more of this next month when the full National Com-

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mittee takes the matter up in earnest. For the present, the plan deserves notice as one sign more of the feeling among Republicans that they must rehabilitate and reunite their party if they are to have a dog's chance in 1916. There is no longer a vestige of the comfortable belief that Wilson would make such a mess of it that any old party—*à fortiori*, the Grand Old Party—could beat the Democrats in the next Presidential election. Nor is there much left of the ancient hope that a popular reaction against tariff reductions will surely restore the Republicans to power. They are now in that chastened mood which means penitence and reform. To succeed, they know that they must deserve to succeed; and they contemplate, even if with a sigh, a course of moral training as necessary. As a sign of it comes the suggestion that they will take Judge Hughes as their candidate next time. But this will doubtless only make him go into active training for a vigorous refusal to permit the use of his name.

Among the arguments for the city-manager plan of commission government, adduced last week at Toronto by a committee of the National Municipal League, one was striking for its omission. As previously emphasized by Secretary Clinton R. Woodruff, it is the contribution of the plan to the ending of partisanship in city administration. "The scrapping of the old municipal machinery, the advancement of the commission form, the evolution from it of the city manager," he pointed out, had for one of their common aims the increasing elimination of party tickets and party feeling. "Candidates come forth on the basis of their individual merit and strength, with no adventitious aid from party labels." But government by departmental commissioners alone, except in isolated instances in central and southwestern cities, still labors under bondage to party lines. The employment of a city manager, by focussing public interest on individual efficiency, by calling experts from city to city, with no more thought of politics than a business firm would take, by giving the chief executive a longer term, by reducing the salaries and duties of the commissionerships, thus making them attractive to the public-spirited citizen, rather than to the professional politician, is a notable step towards more freedom. A pledge of the new spirit is already to be seen in Ohio, where Dayton is now considering calling to her service the most efficient of the State's municipal officers—ex-Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati.

Everybody knows that competition is more expensive than combination. The people are learning the truth. They find that the cost of living is higher now than it was before the combinations were destroyed.

We find this bit of economic wisdom in an article that sings the praises of the great "Trusts" as the sheet-anchor of American prosperity. It is not worth examining with any seriousness, but it suggests a question. What has become of the great stock argument of the Trust advocates, the thing we used to hear more than any other in the early days of the great combinations? In those times, the advocates of monopoly were continually talking of the economies of concentrated production, and pointing with pride to alleged reductions of the price of this or that staple after the gigantic combinations had been formed. Some of these assertions were true, others not; but even in the case of the true assertions, examination was pretty sure to show that the low-price tendency was in full operation before the Trust was thought of, and that the best that had happened was that the formation of it had not put an end to the process. But we have been hearing almost nothing of the kind at all now for some years. That the combinations have been "destroyed" will be news to most people; but certainly "the cost of living is higher now than it was before the combinations" were *created*. That the combinations have been the cause of this, we do not assert; but when the figures pointed the other way, they certainly had no better title to the credit than they now have to the blame.

Whatever the weaknesses or merits of the sixty-seven grievances of the employees of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in the strike just ended, the region affected must find it a matter of chagrin that prompt steps could not somehow have prevented the final breach. The dispute reached an issue with very great rapidity, especially when its progress is compared with that of the threatened strike of Eastern trainmen this summer. Yet with the rice and sugar crops awaiting transportation, the Southwestern interests to be hurt were extensive; and however radical the original differences, the immediate cause of the strike concerned only the method of debating them. The members of the four railway brotherhoods demanded a conference between the railway heads and their representatives as a federated body. This refused, 98 per cent. of them voted for a walkout. Meanwhile, the railways had offered to submit the matter to the Federal Board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Their step was belated, but it is scarcely creditable to the employees that it was futile. In the swift developments that immediately preceded the strike a few newspapers and the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce filed protests; but such bodies as the New Orleans exchanges made no move. The efficacy of their subsequent action, with that of the whole press, the agricultural bodies, and President Wilson, in ending the strike, shows how easily the expense and vexation of the four days' tie-up might have been avoided altogether.

We are entitled to a bit of satisfaction over the reduction in the homicide record of our thirty largest cities from 8.4 per 100,000 of the population in 1911 to 8.1 in 1912. The figures are from Mr. F. L. Hoffman's report in the *Spectator* of this city. Chicago still keeps well ahead of New York, with a rate of 9.6 to 6.8 for Manhattan and the Bronx, and 4.4 for Brooklyn. Even this last figure is higher than the rate in Paris, which is 3.6, although the French capital leads Europe in this respect. For London the figures are 1.31, and for Copenhagen the five-year average is only .45! This would mean no more than one homicide a year in a city like Denver or St. Paul, and only 21 for Manhattan and the Bronx, instead of 456. The unfavorable side of the statistics for 1912 is the increase in homicides in the South. Despite the concern that is manifested over the prevalence of crime there, the ten-year average of 15.7 went up last year to 20.2. This is more than double the rate in the Western and Central States, and almost five times that of the East. Memphis stands at the top with no less than 64.3 per 100,000, and this showing is made darker by the fact that it is an increase over the figures of 1911 by 11.6. Charleston, the nearest city to Memphis in this disagreeable kind of distinction, lags behind with 40.4, closely followed by At-

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lanta with 39.9. To the Atlanta *Journal*, this is a "fearful rate."

If there is any real interest in the revived plan of the National Association of State Universities for a Federal University at Washington, it must centre upon the definition of its aim and scope. President James of the University of Illinois, for example, who favors it, has long pleaded for State support in building up a local institution that should "make it unnecessary for any son of Illinois to leave its borders to pursue any branch of learning," no matter how high or specialized. Many other Western University heads have spoken to the same effect. What, then, is left for the Washington institution to attempt? This apparent contradiction, however, will give way if a real place for it to fill in "advanced work" can be shown. The advantage of its nearness to the bureaus and departments of the Government would be as obvious as in Paris, Berlin, or Buenos Ayres. Yet the universities in those capitals, as of countries in which education is far more centralized, and state patronage of the arts far more confirmed, than in the United States, can offer but an imperfect parallel to the functions of a "National University" at Washington. Something less grandiose, something of more specialized effectiveness, is probably in the mind of the Association; but of this the public has not yet been informed.

The University of Nebraska, through a publishing house of this city, has just issued the first number of the *Mid-West Quarterly*, a magazine interesting in itself and even more interesting as a sign of the times. The articles are, naturally, not all of equal merit. One, on "The Literary Interregnum," is a bit amateurish, and another, however clever in expression, makes one ask what kind of philosophy is taught where Socrates and Bergson are coupled together as exponents of the same truths. No doubt, too, the rest of the articles might be called academic by those who have become accustomed even to the better of our commercial magazines, but they are addressed frankly, we may suppose, to the smaller public, and they are academic in the good sense of the word—thoughtful discussions of the deeper problems of the day as seen from the angle where literature and education and life meet and cross one another. This Quarterly will be taken by some as a confirmation of the common opinion that the brains of the country are draining from our Eastern to our Western institutions. But that is another, and very tangled, story. Meanwhile congratulations to the *Mid-West*, and wishes that it may flourish. The present issue is all the work of Lincoln, but the prospectus indicates that articles are welcome from any quarter —even from the East.

A heavy slump in Cubist and Futurist stock is reported from Paris. The hanging committee of the Autumn Salon has borne down heavily on the fragmentary isosceles ladies with their pink and blue passions. The Salon authorities have borrowed a leaf from the Futurist philosophy, and "with a disdainful and magnificent air of destruction" kicked pretty nearly the entire clutter out of doors. The Cubists may be partly at fault, but the chief blame must rest with the Futurists. Their very name brought trouble on the whole business. If they had called themselves anything but that, the path of revolutionary art might have stretched forward beyond the horizon. If they had called themselves, let us say, Post-Cubists, then there might have been room for other advanced schools, the Pluperfect Cubists, the Hexagonalists, the Parabolists, the Parallelopipedonists, the Zeroists. But in their vanity Signor Marinetti and his followers seized upon the name Futurist, and thereby preëmpted what remains of eternity. Since the future was thus previously engaged, there evidently was nothing for revolutionary art to do but revolt against the future by seeking a return to something of the sanity and common-sense of the past. The pace of modern life is exemplified in the speed with which the cubistico-futuristic cycle of civilization has rounded to its full. Six hundred years from Giotto to Marinetti, and three years from Marinetti's beginning to Marinetti's finish.

Just after having made his admirable and humane proposal for a year of international rest in naval construction, the First Lord of the Admiralty announces that next year the number of officers and men in the British navy will exceed 150,000, and that 1914 will see the largest naval appropriation bill the country has yet had to shoulder. In time of complete peace, Great Britain is thus to have more sailors afloat and ashore than she mustered during the height of the Napoleonic wars, when the coasts were directly threatened. Again it is the German bogey which is called forth. In a few weeks, doubtless, we shall have a counterblast from Germany as a result of this speech of Mr. Churchill—and so it goes. But it is not only the naval fleet which is to cost so dear. Mr. Churchill asserts superiority for the British hydro-aeroplane, as the War Office recently claimed it for the British aeroplane. He adds, however: "That is not enough. We must have superiority in everything, not in aeroplanes alone." Britannia must rule the air as well as the wave, and, as he admits that French genius and German perseverance have thus far outstripped England, he calls the nation to sacrifice in these words:

> You have to make up your minds to spend yearly more money and pay month after month the toll of precious lives. The keenest eye, the surest hand, and the undaunted heart must be offered, risked, and sacrificed in order to attain, as we shall undoubtedly attain, that command and perfection in aerial warfare which will be an indispensable element in naval strength and naval security.

All this is certainly an added reason why our Congress and President should now take the lead in working for the year of naval holiday which Mr. Churchill first suggested.

Yuan Shi-Kai's last manipulation of China's new Parliament is not so drastic as first reports intimated. It is not a question of abolishing the national assembly and erecting an appointive administrative council in its place, but of cutting down the membership of Parliament and substituting an appointive council for the present elective Senate. That this means preparation for the establishment of a Dictatorship does not necessarily follow. It is the logical outcome of the test by force of arms which the Radical party invited. When the insurrection in the South of China came to an end, a swing towards the concentration of power in the hands of Yuan Shi-Kai became inevitable. But, after all, there never was reason for supposing that China would be saved the painful and laborious apprenticeship in parliamentarism and democracy that every nation must pass through.

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"SEDITION," AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Larkin, the Dublin strike leader, served only two weeks of his seven months' imprisonment. He was released by order of the Government at London; and his first words on obtaining his freedom were that the Government had made a greater mistake in letting him out of prison than in putting him in. In this opinion, Mr. Larkin is certainly wrong; but that the imprisonment itself was a mistake there is very little room to doubt. Before the Government had acted, sober opinion in England, as expressed both in radical and in conservative journals, had strongly condemned the action of the Dublin judge and jury. The London *Spectator* is what, in the glib nomenclature current in this country, would be called "reactionary"; and the *Spectator* says of the Attorney-General's plea for conviction on the charge of seditious utterances that it is the sort of thing "we expect to read in a trial for *lèse-majesté* in Prussian Poland, or in a conspiracy trial at Agram." The radical London *Nation* naturally takes a not less serious view of the matter. It speaks of the prosecution of Larkin as a "war on words such as any advanced thinker or free talker might use with relevance in the heat of argument or controversy"; and it declares that "no Liberal Administration can without deadly hurt" identify itself with such proceedings.

Recent experience in our own country has furnished more than one parallel to this Dublin affair. At Paterson and at Lawrence we have had instances of the same kind of forgetfulness of the abiding principles both of free speech and of fair play, and the same kind of short-sighted policy. On this side of the Atlantic as on the other, the explanation is obvious enough; in the stress of a situation charged with the danger of lawlessness on a large scale, and already marked by disorder and grave economic disturbance, there is great temptation either to stretch the law, or to apply it with all the rigor that extreme and virtually obsolete provisions admit. And, so far as concerns either real justice or the practical effect on men's minds, there is little to choose between downright stretching of the law and the application of provisions which, by common consent, are regarded as a dead letter. It is felt in all such cases that the court has condemned the man to punishment not as the doer of the specific act charged against him, but as a champion of the cause which he was engaged in promoting. A striking illustration of all this was furnished in the recent case of Haywood, whose sentence at Paterson has just been reversed on appeal, with a sharp rebuke to the court below.

But in relation to all this it is necessary to make a vital distinction—a distinction which philanthropic sympathizers with labor leaders are very much given to overlooking. The distinction happens to come out with special clearness in connection with the case of Larkin. In the indictment he was charged not only with using seditious language, but also with inciting to riot and inciting to robbery. But on both of these latter counts, though a considerable amount of evidence was adduced against him, it was insufficient to convince the jury, and he was acquitted as to them both. Between the language of discontent and direct incitement to violent or lawless acts there is a distinction the recognition of which makes all the difference between a land of free speech and a land of despotism. It is true that the line may sometimes be difficult to draw. It cannot be defined in a hard-and-fast way as a mere matter of the words employed. Language which, in ordinary circumstances, would be taken merely as an expression of opinion or the utterance of a vague hope or desire, may assume in time of trouble and disorder all the character of a direct incitement to violence. In such a situation as that at Dublin, if Larkin had been proved guilty of incitement to violence, no such severe strictures as those of the *Spectator* and the *Nation* would have been made on the verdict against him.

But even with these distinctions well in mind, the actual course which ought to be taken in reference to the utterances of agitators cannot be laid down with anything like entire definiteness. There is in all this a higher expediency, whose claims may be said to be coordinate with those of justice itself. It is the dictate of that higher expediency that the rigor of the law shall not, except under the pressure of the clearest necessity, be invoked for the purpose of what would have the appearance of an invasion of the right of free speech. There is danger, to be sure, in this policy; for in so scrupulously avoiding the appearance of violating liberty it is almost impossible to avoid the reality of sanctioning license. But it is a choice of evils; free speech, even when it passes the line of rightful liberty, performs the invaluable function of the safety-valve. The result necessarily is an apparent inconsistency, which in extreme cases is pointed to as a reproach and even an outrage. The great example of all this is that of the Chicago anarchists. They had been preaching violence for years, and had not been molested; but when their preaching took bodily shape in the murder of the Chicago police, the inciters to the deed were hanged. And both in not stopping the mouths of the anarchists while they were only talking and in hanging them when murder had come of it, the Chicago authorities were acting upon those principles of the highest expediency which defy exact formulation, which must always be more or less open to dispute, but the application of which constitutes one of the most crucial tests of a nation's genius for government.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

Mr. Abraham Flexner's article, in the November *Atlantic*, on "The German Side of Medical Education," deals primarily with the underlying elements of the situation as a whole. And yet he points out so many definite features in which the position of medical education in Germany differs—in almost every instance to its advantage—from that in this country that the article is anything but a series of glittering generalities.

The causes of superiority in the German medical system are briefly summarized by Mr. Flexner as follows:

> First, the high minimum level of organization and equipment, below which the Government will permit no medical school to live; second, the prolonged and serious secondary-school training, which is absolutely, without exception, exacted of every student in the medical faculty; third, the freedom of the German university, which gives the professor the strength and leisure to work and encourages the capable student to do more than the minimum requirements of the curriculum for graduation; finally, the high respect in which the practicing profession holds the teaching profession, and the custom of calling teachers freely from university to university.

The one great factor in our own situation which operates to offset these points of superiority is the steady flow of mag-

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nificent gifts which American men of wealth have been directing to the support of medical education and the furtherance of medical progress. "The German medical scientist," says Mr. Flexner, "looks with envy and wonder upon the munificence of the great American benefactors of medical education." It is the defect of this method that it has not the effect of directly raising the general standard. But even the general standard is powerfully affected by the example of one or two great schools; and the method of private initiative has the advantage that in any one place, without waiting for the adoption of a "country-wide" policy, an institution may be built up to almost any desired degree of excellence.

Since Mr. Flexner's article was written, two events have occurred which give fresh point to this last consideration. From an anonymous donor there has come to Cornell the magnificent gift of $4,350,000, which is to go into the general fund of the medical department in New York city. No part of the money is to be used for new buildings, and with an addition of $200,000 a year spent chiefly in getting the best possible men, the Cornell Medical School may be expected to take an important place in raising the standard of medical education throughout the country.

The other event, though not so dazzling, is, if anything, even more significant. The General Education Board has given to Johns Hopkins Medical School a special endowment of about $1,500,000 for the inauguration of a new departure in medical teaching—new not only in this country but in the world. This fund is to be used for the purpose of so reorganizing the Departments of Medicine, Surgery, and Pediatrics that the professors and their staffs in these departments shall completely withdraw from paid practice in order to devote their entire time to the care of patients, teaching, and research. That this new departure is in the nature of an experiment must be admitted; but that it will succeed and yield signal results is rendered highly probable by the nature of the gift, which was made not on chance notion of some well-intentioned individual, but as the result of representations made to the General Education Board by the Medical Faculty of the Johns Hopkins University and the trustees of the University and the Hospital.

To realize the advance that was instituted by the Johns Hopkins Medical School when it opened its doors twenty years ago requires an effort of memory. To make a four years' course necessary for graduation when three years was the maximum at American medical schools and two years was the usual period, would in itself have been a pretty bold step; but the requirement of an A.B. degree—and a good A.B. degree at that—or its equivalent as an essential for entrance was a truly radical innovation. But this was only an index of the kind of training that the school itself was to give. To do this effectively, it had the advantage of the complete coöperation of a great hospital, and the even more inestimable advantage of the extraordinary quality of that group of men who formed the nucleus of its Faculty. About these men were soon gathered others, whose ability in their own fields and whose devotion to science were hardly, if at all, less marked. The effect of this example upon medical education throughout the country was almost instantaneous; and, apart from its example, the Johns Hopkins Medical School has been sending out a stream of notable men who fill many of the most important posts in American institutions of teaching and research. This splendid service has been recognized by the General Education Board not only in the making of the endowment, but in bestowing upon the fund the name of the man who, above all others, has been the mainstay of the work of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Dr. Welch is so modest and self-effacing that he may not set much store by the name; but he will be at one with all the rest of us in hoping that the William H. Welch Endowment for Clinical Education and Research may prove a shining landmark in the history of American medicine.

HOW POLITICAL PRINCIPLES TRIUMPH.

South Africans will always retain a grateful memory of the statesmen who had the courage to carry into effect self-government for the Transvaal and Orange Free State, which paved the way to the establishment of the Union of South Africa. I deem it a grand privilege and honor to be associated with the movement in connection with the memorial to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

This was a cablegram sent by Gen. Louis Botha, Prime Minister of South Africa, and read at the recent unveiling at Stirling of a statue of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Talk about time bringing its revenges! In this tribute, with its collocation of names, there is a reminder of mighty political changes, and a complete reversal of the popular judgment on men and measures, brought about in a few years. In the dark days, at once of the Boer War and the Liberal party, Campbell-Bannerman was exposed to all kinds of opprobrium. He was a pro-Boer. He was a Little Englander. He was the impotent leader of a hopeless party. But in his own lifetime all this largely passed away, and now he is acclaimed, even by his former opponents, as a statesman of large and sagacious mind; while the man who a dozen years since was leading his people in a war against England, but to-day is Prime Minister of a self-governing Boer commonwealth under British sovereignty, offers his grateful recognition of what Campbell-Bannerman did for South Africa. History can show few transitions so rapid as this.

In his address at the dedication of the statue, Mr. Asquith briefly sketched the qualities in Sir Henry which enabled him to carve out his success. He was not at all a genius, as genius is ordinarily defined. He had no striking personal gifts, whether of oratory or individual charm or political adroitness. A simple-minded man, he had early formed his political convictions, and clung to them with extraordinary tenacity, through good report and through evil. So meagre was his stock in trade! People were inclined to hold him in light esteem during all the period from, say, 1899 to 1904, when he was doing the thankless work of leading the dispirited and demoralized Liberal party. A mere stop-gap, he was thought to be. If ever the time came to form a Liberal Cabinet, a man of more brilliant parts would be necessary. But at last the politicians and the newspapers waked to the fact that Campbell-Bannerman had established himself in the confidence and affection of the people. His dogged sticking to his job when others ran away, his steady adherence to principle, his indomitable spirit and unyielding devotion to the cause he had made his own, slowly built up for him a solid popular strength. The old ridicule died out. There was a story of the London

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Times sending an agent around the country to sound public opinion about Sir Henry, and his telegraphing to headquarters: "Not safe to make fun of Campbell-Bannerman; he is very strong with the people."

So he certainly proved to be when the tide turned in favor of the Liberals. No one seriously contested his right to be summoned by the King to form a Liberal Ministry. He saw fulfilled the task at which he had labored in hours of gloom. His sure reward came. But above any personal satisfaction he may have felt in this, must have been his rejoicing in seeing the principles for which he had so stanchly stood come to their triumph. They had had their period of discrediting and eclipse. The enemy raged, faint-hearted friends quailed or slipped away, but, as Mr. Asquith said, Sir Henry maintained "a calm, unwavering confidence that never failed." He simply could not renounce his political creed merely because it seemed to be for the time unpopular. Bred in Liberal tenets, he refused to believe that they could be washed away by a temporary wave of Jingoism. In season and out of season he asserted them, and lived to see them applied in England and in the conferring of self-government upon South Africa. This last achievement has already been acclaimed as the wisest as well as the most astonishing work of English statesmen in our day.

It must not be forgotten that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's bestowal of self-government on the Transvaal and the Orange Free State was violently opposed by the English Conservatives. They denounced it as a step fraught with danger, and made the direst predictions of what would follow. None of these forebodings has been justified. South Africa is contented under the new régime and is loyal to the British Crown. Yet the same men who prophesied the contrary are now auguring countless woes if Home Rule in local affairs is granted to Ireland. One would think that these prophets of evil might be stayed, for a time at least, by recalling their sad misreading of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's gift of self-government to South Africa.

THE INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE.

The International Conference on Safety at Sea, which began its work in London on Wednesday of last week, is of unusual significance because of the Titanic and Volturno disasters. Much has been done by the several nations and by the force of public opinion to better the conditions revealed by the loss of the "unsinkable" White Star vessel. But the Volturno disaster has again brought out the need of standardizing the regulations of all the seagoing nations. Of these, twelve are represented in the London Conference, the British and American delegations being especially noteworthy; the former is headed by Lord Mersey, who presided over the Titanic inquiry; the latter includes Senator Burton, of Ohio, who will well represent the travelling public, and Andrew Furuseth, the militant head of the International Seamen's Union, to whom the passage by the Senate of the La Follette bill is largely due. He may be trusted, together with J. Havelock Wilson, general secretary of the British Seamen's Union, to voice the wishes of the men before the mast and their comrades in stokehold and engine-room.

Naturally, the question of boats and life-saving appliances takes a large place on the programme, and next to it comes that of bulkheads and watertight compartments. The picture of the burning Volturno will confront the conference when it deals with fire-extinguishing appliances. The regulation of boat, fire, and bulkhead drills follows naturally, as well as the question of the efficient manning of boats. The reasonable and proper use of wireless telegraphy and the laying down of new rules as to assistance to be given to ships in distress are other matters that have their place on the programme, and of course the problem of ice warnings and steamship routes is not to be overlooked. Besides these there will be many minor yet vitally important matters to be considered, as, for instance, the question of better methods of launching and releasing lifeboats so as to prevent their being dashed against the sides of the ship in high-running seas. This was the cause of the terrible loss of life, when the officers of the Volturno made their grave error of judgment. It is admittedly idle to hope for a device that will absolutely insure the safe launching of boats in such storms as the incoming Atlantic ships reported last week. Had the Titanic not been favored by the calmest night one could possibly encounter in mid-ocean, the loss of life would have been far greater. But the important point is that, despite the warnings given by the loss of the Rio Janeiro off the Golden Gate and the Republic near Nantucket, and other disasters, no effort was made to end the shortage of boats and rafts and to remedy defective lowering tackle. For above a century there was no change made in the historic block-and-tackle davits until the quadrant davit carried on the Titanic began to come into use.

It should seem, therefore, as if one outcome of this conference might well be the establishment of an international bureau for the testing of new safety devices and bringing to the attention of the various nations those which demonstrate their worth. There seems to be no field for human ingenuity in which the inventor has so many difficulties in obtaining recognition for his talent as this. Anybody who can suggest new schemes for increasing the comfort of passengers and enhancing the luxurious surroundings of the first-cabin travellers on the first-class boats gets a hearing easily enough. It is the old story: the owner has not been interested in increasing his capital investment by adding costly equipment which attracts no trade and which may never be used, and never can be used in a terrific storm. Not that all ship-owners are heartless; their side of the situation must be considered as well as that of the other parties in interest. We have already called attention to the enlightened views of Robert Dollar, the owner of numerous American and British cargo ships plying on the Pacific Coast and to the Far East. Such as he will watch the proceedings in London with considerable anxiety, lest the Conference fail to distinguish between the needs of cargo ships and those of passenger vessels, and saddle all kinds of boats with unnecessary expense.

Take, for instance, the question of the manning of lifeboats. Mrs. Florence Kelley, who was a passenger on the Kroonland, one of the eleven vessels that went to the rescue of the Volturno, points out in the current *Survey* that the Kroonland carried lifeboat accommodations for 113 more persons than

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she is allowed to carry, but only 26 seamen. She asserts that to eke out the crews of the two lifeboats that went to the Volturno it was necessary to draft two waiters and two stokers. All the other boats were useless for this rescue work for want of able seamen. Obviously, 26 seamen for a ship the size of the Kroonland seems a ridiculous number, but can any vessel of this tonnage afford to carry seamen enough to man 34 lifeboats? Allowing only six to a lifeboat, that would mean 204 seamen who would be falling over one another in performing their few deck duties. Obviously, to work out a problem like this with justice to all concerned will require the greatest care. Perhaps the use of kerosene-engined lifeboats may help here, though they would add to the fire danger. As for the wireless equipment, for which the American delegates are expected to take a firm stand for all ships, it is interesting to note that the London Firemen's and Sailors' Union has passed a resolution binding its members not to sign on any ocean-going steamer after May first, 1914, unless it carries wireless. But if two operators for the wireless on tramps are insisted on, they will have nothing whatever to do except in the rare emergency of an accident to their own vessel, or some near-by ship.

It is thus the old question between profits and humanity which chiefly confronts the London Conference. On many points there will doubtless be immediate agreement, but a long session may be looked for, and will be needed, if due regard is to be given to all the interests involved.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE WHITE GODS.

Last week there came into the New York auction room a number of marble statues by American sculptors who were famous fifty years ago. Hiram Powers's Greek Slave was the most noteworthy. With her one touched an almost prehistoric phase of American æsthetics. In her day she was a veritable declaration of the artist's rights and independence of clothes. About her serene form was fought and won the battle for the sculptor's liberty in our free republic. Some sense that the Greek Slave is still a celebrity, if an obsolescent one, carried the bidding somewhat above a thousand dollars—perhaps a half of what it would cost to copy her reputably in fair Carrara. If the Greek Slave, speaking reverently, was on the bargain counter, her famous white contemporaries were nowhere at all. We decline to set down the pitiful prices that were paid for characteristic works of Thomas Crawford, W. W. Story, and Harriet Hosmer. It is enough to say that in no case would the auction price have bought the rough block of marble.

When one recalls that these were the great names of fifty years ago, that Powers's work may be said to have established American sculpture in the eyes of Europe, that Harriet Hosmer had the friendship and admiration of the Brownings, and Layard, and Leighton, that Story enjoyed a fairly consecrated celebrity through Hawthorne's eulogy of his Cleopatra in "The Marble Faun"—when one considers this fallen greatness, one is driven to sincere if trite reflection that all passes and naught is perdurable. Fifty years ago no reputations could have seemed more safely beyond vicissitude. And now one hardly knows whether to blame a public so forgetful of the taste of its fathers, or to praise the courage of those who ventured to pay anything at all for an art so completely passed from fashion. Perhaps our grandchildren will similarly make a merit of bidding in a bronze by Saint-Gaudens or Rodin at something less than the value of the metal.

Of course, there are reasons for the obscuration of these white gods. The time has passed when the most enthusiastic amateur will undertake the wholesale domestication of life-sized marbles. All this belonged to an ardent age before any pale cast of decorative fitness had dimmed the desire for the single fine piece. When the lambrequin fell the marble statue began to totter. Its unavailableness is now become fairly tragic. Only forty years ago it is entirely conceivable that at the prices of this sale some thrifty young couple would have cheerfully begun housekeeping with Zenobia. She is, after all, only eight feet tall—ceilings were then high—and would have seemed such an investment!

Upon the case of the twice humbled Palmyran queen we must linger. It is a capital instance under the rubric aptly named by Mr. Huneker "The Pathos of Distance." It was Harriet Hosmer's first venture in the grand style. Anxious Mrs. Jameson, the erudite and charming Layard, the friendly Brownings, eagerly watched the working out of the theme. Zenobia had a place of honor in the British Universal Exposition of 1862. After European acclaim, Zenobia came to Boston in 1864. Eulogies in prose and verse were heaped at her feet. Fifteen thousand people visited her in a few days. When she passed to New York, Bancroft, Bryan, Eastman Johnson, Kensett, Gifford, Drs. Beecher, Bellows, and Huntington, turned out to do her honor at the private view. The poet Whittier wrote of the statue:

> It very fully expresses my conception of what historical sculpture should be. It tells its whole proud and melancholy story. . . . In looking at it, I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country, while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field and our public officers in their departments.

Whittier and his fellow-admirers were in the main right. Zenobia is one of the best American statues of neo-classic type; for that matter, one of the best marbles that anywhere grew out of the tradition of Canova, Gibson, and Thorwaldsen. Zenobia is free from the frigidity of her type; she has only a minimum of the tricks that rightly go out of fashion. Admitting the unsuitability of marble statuary in the modern habitation, good taste and historic sense combined should have made a score of American museums compete vigorously for Zenobia and for her notable predecessor, the Greek Slave. That they did not is an indication of a peculiar defect in our civilization, the inability to detect any sort of artistic excellence when it is not presented in the passing forms of the day. At least, lovers of the last æsthetic mode, we are not Bourbons learning and forgetting nothing. Artistically, we learn very little and apparently forget everything.

HARD AND EASY GOLF COURSES.

Some of the golfing comments of Vardon and Ray, as they sailed for England, may strike American readers as a bit ungracious. It is true that the two professionals had pleasant things to say of their stay here. They had only thanks for the hospitality shown them, and spoke in praise of our golfers, particularly of Evans and Ouimet. But when their expert opinion on certain points

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was squarely asked by the interviewers, both Vardon and Ray took for their motto, *vera pro gratis*. They did not think that American amateurs could hold their own with the English. They believed that the United States, in spite of its wonderful advance in golfing matters, is still a country backward in this sport as compared with England and Scotland. And they were of one mind in declaring that the great majority of American golf courses are far too easy. By this they meant, of course, that the hazards and the nature of the greens here do not sufficiently call for the highest golfing skill.

A fine American retort to this might be made, but it would only betray ignorance. Vardon and Ray might be asked why, if our links are so kindergarten, they did not make lower scores on them. If it is so dead easy to negotiate our courses, why did they let Evans beat them both at Chicago, and Ouimet lead them by five and seven strokes at Brookline? Moreover, Vardon and Ray made, on the average, as low scores over our confessedly more difficult links as they did when playing those they describe as childishly easy. How could that be? One can imagine the sneer with which newspaper paragraphers will put the question.

The point is worth examining. There has been, during the past year or two, a great stiffening up of American golf courses. This is, of itself, a tacit admission that they have been too easy, judged by the scientific rigors of the game. Yet a great many people have been but dimly aware of the real difference between an easy links—a real "gentleman's course"—and one trapped on correct principles. Such players have known that they could not do as well at, say, the National Links, or Piping Rock, as over their own familiar and facile grounds, but they often express wonder why the crack golfers who can make a low score even over Myopia are not able to do very much better over a notoriously easy links. They may cut their cards by two or three strokes, but that is all; and it is thought to be mysterious.

The fact is, obviously, that this is to lose sight of the true basis of comparison between hard and easy golf courses. A certain number of strokes are normally required to get over the easiest links ever known. That is, if there are 18 holes, and not more than three of them single-shot holes, it will be impossible for even the most skilful players to do, as a rule, much better than "even fours." This simply means that merely to cover the actual distance, and without regard to unusually lucky approaches or long putts, the ball has to be hit an average of four strokes to each hole. Top-notch players often go lower than that, and do so the more readily on links presenting few difficulties; but even on these they cannot, in the nature of the case, go so much below their score on a hard course as the inconsiderate poor player thinks they should. What he is thinking of is *his* score, and the great difference between his best on an easy links and on a course where the handiwork of nature has been reinforced by the malignity of man. If the latter means ten or twelve strokes more for him, why should not the easy links mean ten or twelve less for the professional?

We have already explained why not. It is the duffer who furnishes the real test of comparison between easy and hard golf courses. Diabolically placed traps and tricky curves in the greens scarcely exist for the professional; he plays as if they were not there. That is the reason why he cannot make a much lower score on links where the hazards actually are not there. But for the poor player they mean dismay and destruction. He comfortably announces that he usually "goes round in the eighties." But this is on a course far from up to date, and probably in July or August, when the ground is baked so that a topped ball will run almost as far as one truly hit, and when any kind of sloppy shot will reach the green without getting into trouble. Transfer this complacent gentleman to a links like Garden City, formidable with a narrow fair-way and trapped so as to punish every bungled shot, and his mortification, or rage, will tell the real story of the difference between the hard and easy course. Many a *soi-disant* "eighty man" has essayed the National Links repeatedly, without being able to get under a hundred.

This greater severity of the English links is correctly assigned by Vardon and Ray as one of the reasons why the English standard of amateur play is higher than ours. There are other reasons, which will leap to the mind of every informed person. It is not merely a question of championships. With the exception of Walter Travis, our venturous amateurs have not fared well in England—though Schmidt gave the British a bad quarter-of-an-hour last year. The chances are obviously against any man who has to fight his way through a tournament against a high-class field. Hilton did it in 1911, but was early put out in the American championship last year. It is to be said, however, that the differences favoring the English are rapidly disappearing; and with the tendency now prevailing in this country to make golf links a sharper test of the fine points of the game, it may well be that Vardon and Ray, on their next visit, will find the conditions more nearly equalized.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although not a "Thackeray expert," I have a suggestion to offer on the point raised by Mr. William E. A. Axon in the "News for Bibliophiles," November 6, 1913. The question is that of priority between "the bold British boy," Little Billee, and the "pious French Middy," the hero of "Notre Dame de la Garde."

A daughter of the late Prof. Ferdinand Bôcher calls my attention to the words "To the air of 'Il y avait un petit navire'" under the title of "Little Billee" in my volume of Thackeray's ballads, and quotes a fragment of a song of which that is the first line, and which her father used to sing.

Il était un petit navire
Qui n'avait jamais navigué.

Quant ils . . .
Les vivres vinrent à manquer.

Ils tirent-s-à la courte paille
Pour voir qui, qui serait mangé.

Le plus jeune de l'équipage
C'est lui qui, qui sera mangé.
. . . . . .

Il monta sur la grande hune
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Oh, Sainte Vièrge, oh ma patronne,
C'est moi qui, qui sera mangé.

Whether the note referring to the song is Thackeray's or not, it shows that some one before Mr. Axon connected Thackeray's ballad with a French one, of which the fragment quoted is pretty certainly a version. The version, too, as even this fragment is enough to show, is nearer to Thackeray than the one quoted by Mr. Axon, because the "pious middy" is the more the hero for being the victim. As for the relationship between "Little Billee" and the "Petit Navire," it seems to me most probable that in an informal way it is about the same as the cousinship between the originals and Thackeray's "imitations" of Béranger, Horace, and sundry Ger-

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man songs. It may be that having picked up the French song he fitted the air in his mind with burlesque lines and stanzas in English, which remained unwritten, and perhaps uncompleted, until the "festive gathering at Bertini's" of which Mr. Axon speaks. If he had had the "Petit Navire" in mind, "Little Billee" is exactly what he would have written; the naïve attempts at sentiment are just the marks which his shafts always sought. The conspicuous piety of the hero is carried only two commandments beyond the normal to become caricature; being "le plus jeune de l'équipage," what more natural than that he should be particularly appetizing? The note—"To the air of, etc."—may not be authoritative, but if it is Thackeray's it might be taken as an informal acknowledgment of an informal indebtedness.

I hope that the fragment of the "Petit Navire" quoted here may be enough to identify it to some one who can supply the whole.

ROBERT P. UTTER.

Correspondence

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF THE BEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the general principle of "getting the best out of the best" no one can take exception, but, in the opinion of the present writer, Mr. Charles S. Knox, in his letter of recent date to the *Nation* (October 30), has failed to consider sufficiently the differences between athletics and culture or learning.

It may be doubted if the "best results" in athletics has the same meaning as the "best results" in culture, using this latter word in the general sense of intellectual accomplishment. In athletic activities what is desired and sought is superiority to rivals for a season in athletic sports; in lower terms, and often, it is to win a victory in a particular sport, over a particular team, in a particular game. The rewards to the individual athlete are the class numeral or the "university initial on [his] breast," his photograph on the sporting page of the daily paper, the admiration and applause of female youth, and the approval, not unmixed with envy, of his fellow "students." In a word, the spirit of athletics or sport is rivalry, its characteristic is the defeat of an opponent, and its rewards, though resounding, are evanescent, not to say trivial.

In intellectual activities the idea of competition should be discouraged, mutual help of individuals should be fostered, and the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake should be the ideal. The chief reward should be the pleasure and satisfaction of accomplishment; not that we need dwell wholly on this high plane, for other more tangible rewards such as prizes, fellowships, and honors should be offered. But in scholarship there is no place for the ephemeral rewards of praise from "the student body, or the student press, or the press of the community." Not notoriety and applause for a day, for the victory of a day, but fame and commendation for years, for a lifetime of labor, should be the scholar's ideal.

It may be doubted if in many cases the "*cum laude* or *summa cum laude* . . . or some such honor is awarded for the work of a single term," or in "a narrow, specialized course," in which "the student had merely to commit to memory" a syllabus which the examining professor had made. Those honors are usually reserved for the completion of a college course, and are in fact an expression of praise from "the thoughtful public at large" through its spokesman for "distinction in . . . intellectual training and prowess." The praise is quiet, indeed, but it may be doubted if the *thoughtful* public is ever blatant.

Moreover, the praise thus given is adequate to the accomplishment. Four years of even assiduous study in college mean, after all, but a small accomplishment from the point of view of the public, large and vital as that accomplishment may be to the individual student. The fault is not in the under-praise of intellectual labor, but in the over-praise of athletic and other spectacular activities. Following out the cycle of the past, ours may be called the Age of Noise, in which characteristic it may be hoped the intellectual life will not share, but will maintain its tradition of quiet modesty.

As to the contention of the writer of the letter to the *Nation,* that "proposals to grade men in classes by merit rather than by age or alphabetized names, and to carry forward the superior men faster and further than their fellows, are quickly rejected as hostile to democracy and to the 'American spirit,'" we may express more than a doubt, especially as the plan advocated is, in some States, in use in the most democratic and American of institutions—the public schools. The feasibility of merit grading has certainly come up for discussion in one at least of our more advanced educational institutions, and no question of the un-Americanism of the plan has ever there been raised.

The chief objection to grading by merit in the college is a practical one. It is almost impossible for the college, with the income and teaching staff at its disposal, so to arrange its curriculum, its schedule of classes, as to provide for the merit classifications which, to be really effective, must be subject to frequent revisions. Moreover, there is, and should be, greater diversity in the methods and individuality of teachers in the college than in teachers of the more elementary school, and it is a question whether what would be gained by merit grading might not be offset by what would be lost in the student's efforts to adapt himself to the new methods of the new individual teacher.

Furthermore, it may be questioned if the segregation and more rapid advancement of "the best" men is, after all, desirable from the point of view of those men themselves. To the present writer it seems that herein is involved a false view of education, namely, that education consists solely in what a student learns from his teachers while pursuing a more or less definite college course. To the present writer, and he believes to many others also, this is not what "education" connotes. Many of us believe that, no matter how narrow a man's specialty may be, he is helped therein by the sum-total of his knowledge on all subjects; that the ideal specialist is the man who knows everything. We may close our ears to the derisive laughter this statement probably occasions, while remarking that the ideal can be striven for if not attained; and we may point out that non-segregation of the best may perhaps lead us some steps nearer to this ideal.

The best men—the number is not enormous—in a class which they outstrip will have time to spare, will have leisure. Being "the best," they will not waste this time in frivolities, but will use it in reading and study for recreation and profit. They may do this under the direct guidance of their teachers if they wish, for any teacher would be glad to direct such a man, or at their own sweet and unguided will, which may in some instances be best. Not infrequently, as the present writer knows, a chance remark of a teacher will suggest to such a "best man" a most interesting and profitable course of reading. Is not the knowledge thus voluntarily acquired of far more value to the student than would be to finish his prescribed course six months or a year before his less gifted associates? Or than would be to acquire a twelvemonth more of the specialized knowledge of his particular course or profession? Such extraneous knowledge may not lead to success, but at least it will lead to sedate pleasure and quiet content; will be a solace in the years when success no longer counts.

On the other hand, would not merit classification incite many men, purse-poor and not of exceptional ability, to overexertion in order that they might save time and money by "keeping up with the best"? And doubly to men of rare capacity who know the sting of poverty should be given every opportunity for the broader outlook. It is no kindness to hurry them through college and into the world.

Doubt may be permitted, too, as to whether the English system, which the writer of the letter to the *Nation* praises so highly, is, after all, much superior to our own. Its faults are different, but not, therefore, less serious. Certainly the English system has been severely criticised by Englishmen, and in recent years it has seemed to be undergoing a deep searching of heart.

As your correspondent says, "We cannot safely ignore the inequalities in man." Therefore, let "the best" take more—but not of the same medicine, nor in larger doses. And instead of saying, "Let us have 'pass' and 'class' in our colleges," let us say to our young men: Let us have more quiet and persistent search after knowledge and truth and less noisy seeking after success and rewards.

LEONARD M. PASSANO.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 13.

GETTYSBURG, PRESIDENT WILSON, AND THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of our English cousins, Sir Francis H. Champneys, Bart., who occupies the exalted position of president of the Royal Society of Medicine and of its twenty sections, has some remarkable ideas about the United States. In his opening address, printed in the official bulletin for October, he says:

We read this morning in the paper that

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it is the jubilee celebration of the amalgamation between the Northern and Southern States of America, at Gettysburg, on July 4. Fifty years have elapsed since, in 1863, the victory of Gettysburg took place. It was a crucial period of the war, and after that the United States was formed. It is interesting to remember that, and to remember that it has taken fifty years not only to amalgamate, but to consolidate, the United States, which is another thing. And the proof of that is that the present President of the United States of America is the first Southern person who has ever occupied that position. And I read in the *Times* to-day that he at first refused to be present at Gettysburg, fifty years after the defeat of his side; but that he afterwards reconsidered his action and determined to be present. . . . I see in the papers that this meeting of the veterans on the field of Gettysburg is not altogether free from risk for them, and I see that a provident Government has stacked a thousand coffins in full view of the veterans in the park, for anybody to take advantage of who feels inclined to do so. We have got no coffins, gentlemen, and, I think, no skeletons, either; but if we are to consolidate the Society as we ought to do, we have to remember that the time has come to "think imperially." . . .

At the time of the formation of the United States of America each State reserved its own peculiar rights; and with so much tenacity have they preserved them that a man may be married in one State and not married in another. . . .

It is quite conceivable that, at some time or another, one State may plunge the whole of the United States into war.

And so the United States is but fifty years young! It is a beautiful compliment to Miss Columbia, who we thought was beginning to feel her age a little and resemble the classic features of Miss Democracy. But what of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe? *Sic transit gloria mundi.* G. H.

Hot Springs, Va., November 12.

WILLIAM PITT PREBLE LONGFELLOW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent death of Mr. Longfellow has removed from us a man whose services to the cause of architectural studies, extending over a long period of time, have been equalled in value by those of few other men in America. It would, indeed, be hard to name another whose range of interests germane to architecture has been so wide, and whose theoretical and technical equipment was so varied and so thorough. A man of liberal scholarship and finest literary culture, Mr. Longfellow was also a mathematician and an engineer, as well as an artist; and, what is not, I believe, so well known, he was an accomplished musician and a musical composer of uncommon gifts and attainments. He never sought notoriety. In the rude struggle of competition his fine nature could take no part. And although in early life he had the practice of architecture as a vocation keenly at heart, his mind was, at the same time, largely occupied with the history and philosophy of the art. It was thus not unnatural, with his temperament, that after a brief period he should withdraw from actual practice and devote himself to study and writing. He was, I believe, gradually led to this course by the establishment of the *American Architect*—a periodical of which he became the first editor. The leading articles by him, with which the pages of that journal were enriched during the time of his editorship, would, if gathered together, form a volume of great value to students who look upon architecture as a liberal art.

After resigning his post as editor, Mr. Longfellow devoted a vast amount of time to editing the "Cyclopedia of Architecture" (New York, 1895), to which he contributed a large part of the subject matter. In this laborious work he succeeded in gaining the collaboration of some of the most competent American writers. He also contributed largely to Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture and Building," and to the pages of many periodicals.

Among his last works were "The Column and the Arch" (New York, 1899), and "Applied Perspective" (Boston, 1901). Both of these volumes are written in his most careful and lucid style. In "The Column and the Arch" he endeavors "to trace in sequence the main thread that binds the successive phases of European architecture, and the evolution of the two leading features of its forms, the classic order and the arch." This book is marked by historic scholarship no less than by architectural acumen. In the "Applied Perspective" he not only shows complete mastery of the involved geometry of the subject, and perfect lucidity in discussion and demonstration, but also, what is rare in such treatises, a fine sense of the artistic value of perspective. Mr. Longfellow wished, as he once said in conversation, to help his reader "to see perspectively," and to realize how things are beautified by perspective.

As a lecturer his subject matter was carefully thought out, and was always well arranged. In debate he was cautious in statement and deliberate in utterance, but always weighty. In conversation he was reserved, but ready with serious and thoughtful remark when occasion required, and at other times he was delightfully entertaining, and, with his fine sense of humor, often amusing.

His numberless activities in connection with the American Institute of Architects, the Boston Society of Architects, the World's Columbian Exposition, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts were untiring and fruitful.

He was a sailor, too, and was fond of sailing. For some years he spent a part of every season cruising in his yacht. Into this recreation he put the same intelligent study that was characteristic of him in whatever he did. Few men have been better acquainted than he with the design and construction of a sailing boat. He was also a skilful photographer, and kept abreast of all developments in this process. His works, his refined nature, and his unobtrusive life have enriched the community in which he lived.

Charles H. Moore.

Winchester, Eng., November 6.

CREDIT GIVEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to the fact that in a recent book of mine, entitled "European Cities at Work," the translation of an advertisement from a German newspaper as well as certain material bearing upon the government of German cities was not credited to "The Government of European Cities," by Prof. W. B. Munro, of Harvard University, from which they were taken.

The book was prepared in large part as magazine articles and as lectures, with no idea at the time of publication in book form. This explains the omission of acknowledgment, which I desire to correct.

Frederic C. Howe.

New York, November 14.

THE OPIUM VICE IN JAVA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I can now give you a few more facts upon this subject. The Dutch Government of Java, having manufactured its opium at the "Government opium manufactory" in Batavia, proceeds to distribute it throughout the country. For this purpose the opium is enclosed in small leaden tubes, stamped with the Government seal, and sent to the Government agencies in the various towns and villages for retail sale. The tubes are of different sizes and are sold at prices (given here in American money) varying from 5 cents to $3.50, according to the quantity of opium which they contain. I visited the "opium verkoop plaats" (as these retail agencies are called) in Garoet, a small town among the mountains in the Preanger regency, and saw the opium sold to various purchasers at a little wicket window opening upon the street. I followed one of the purchasers to an opium den, where I found all the wooden bunks full of Chinamen smoking opium. It is only fair to state here that, if I am correctly informed, which I believe to be the case, the opium is sold exclusively to Chinamen at the "opium verkoop plaats"; but there are 300,000 Chinese in Java, and they control almost the whole of the native retail trade. It is therefore probably a simple matter for the natives to buy opium from the Chinese, if they wish to do so.

It is a difficult and delicate matter to procure information on this subject; but I have been able to ascertain that, when the population of Java was only 16,000,000 (it is now nearly double that number), the yearly profits of the Government from the sale of opium were 12,000,000 gulden ($5,000,000), and it does not seem possible that so large a profit can be derived from the opium consumed by the Chinese alone; but even if the Chinese be the only victims, why should the Dutch Government grow rich by corrupting the Chinese? We have here the singular spectacle of a Christian Government making a profit by fostering a destructive vice in its own territory. Unfortunately, this spectacle is not unique.

Many private persons formerly made fortunes by importing opium into Java, but the Dutch Government has now acquired for itself the whole of the profits from this vice by entirely prohibiting the importation of opium. From one point of view, this Government monopoly in opium is fortunate, because the closing of the Government opium manufactory in Batavia would now instantaneously end the opium vice in Java. Bertrand Shadwell.

Djokjakarta, Java, September 26.

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THE ANAGRAM.

(It will be recalled that Joseph Severn was the devoted companion of Keats in his last illness at Rome.)

Within the circle of the lamp's bright glow
Were placed the letters of the poet's name,
From which to find new meaning was my aim,
By patient shifting of them to and fro.
But sole result of all my efforts slow,
Like some faint spark where I had hoped for flame—
As if *John Keats* could only magic frame!—
Was just a phrase of two short words: "Thanks, Joe."
Such little words! And his the voice to sing
Sweet as his own gold-throated nightingale,
Flooding with liquid ecstasy the air,
Yet churl in this. Then quick remembering
The love that 'twixt those friends did once prevail,
I saw a grateful heart enshrinèd there.

IMOGEN CLARK.

Literature

THE SISTER'S SON.

Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons de Geste: A Study in the Survival of Matriarchy. By William Oliver Farnsworth, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50 net.

The bearing of the literary relationship of "the sister's son" upon the larger question of the existence of mother-right among the Indo-Germanic peoples is growing clearer as fresh evidence is adduced. The only reasonable explanation of nephew-right is the existence of a matriarchal state of society in which inheritance passed through the female line. The traces of this state of society in the early laws and practices of certain peoples make reasonable the theory that the primitive laws of inheritance among the peoples of Western, Northwestern, and Northern Europe gave way before the Roman law granting to the father the domination of the family. Recent historians of mother-right have gone far afield for evidence of its existence in the practices of remote peoples and of exclusive tribes. The aborigines of Australia, South America, North America, and the islands of the sea have been studied, as well as the literature and the laws of Asiatic races. These historians have strangely neglected the literary testimony of European peoples.

In 1901 Prof. F. B. Gummere contributed to the "Furnivall Miscellany" a charming essay on "The Sister's Son" in the English and Scotch ballads. In closing Professor Gummere remarks:

I think this persistent mention of a sister's son in the ballads something which indeed may not do much for the legal assumption if we take it as an isolated fact, but which, as a part of the cumulative proof furnished by Tacitus, by Germanic legend, by old genealogies, by romance, hints if it does not prove an older law in the case. There are wider fields to search; any one can think of stray instances in Celtic literature; and systematic investigation could doubtless bring additional and welcome evidence from this as well as from other stores of tradition.

There are, indeed, other wider fields to search, and the widest of them is the field of old French literature in general, and more specifically the French epic poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Dr. W. O. Farnsworth's dissertation will not reach the general public, but the theme is well chosen and possesses that human interest the absence of which in many dissertations was recently deplored by your reviewer of the Kittredge *Festschrift.* The first three chapters of Dr. Farnsworth's monograph contain the evidence he wishes to submit in the form of textual citations with literal translations; the last three chapters contain little that is original, though the author has conveniently reviewed in them the scattered opinions of Hartland, Bachofen, Lang, Kovalesky, Dargun, Westermarck, Schrader, Lippert, and other writers on *Mutterrecht.* Dr. Farnsworth has thus made himself familiar with the chief authorities in the larger field, and has very amply justified his study of the French epic by showing its wealth of evidence concerning the existence of a sentimental relationship between the mediæval man and his sister's son.

Of any legal recognition of this relationship in old French popular literature there is not a trace. In the centuries when the French epic came into bloom nothing remained of this relationship but a sentiment. How strong this sentiment was, as a literary convention, is a matter upon which there can be no doubt after reading this formidable array of evidence. Indeed, Dr. Farnsworth's evidence is pressed down and running over, and if we would make any comment upon the artistic arrangement of the material, it would be that he is guilty of much needless repetition in marshalling his proofs.

It is sufficient here to recall some of the more notable examples of this relationship in mediæval French literature: King Mark and Tristram; King Arthur and his nephews Lancelot, Gawain, Gahariët, and the unnatural Mordred; the Fisher King and Perceval (Peredur) in the Grail romances; Charlemagne and his nephews Roland and Baudoin; King Louis and Raoul de Cambrai; Simon the butcher and Hugh Capet; Naimon and Ogier le danois; Guillaume d'Orange and his nephews Vivien, Bertrand, etc. As may be seen by consulting E. Langlois's "Table des noms propres, etc." (Paris, 1904), these are but a few examples of this relationship brought out in the biography of old French heroes. The relation of uncle and nephew is the one most often used for purposes of identification in the earliest French narrative poetry, and upon this relation are centred some of the most stirring situations in this poetry. What is true of the Christian heroes is true also of the Saracens and the traitors: Ganelon the traitor in the "Roland" is subsequently provided with a numerous following of nephews. (Cf. Ernst Sauerland, "Ganelon und sein Geschlecht im altfranzösischen Epos," in Stengel's "Ausgaben und Abhandlungen," No. 51.) How epic nephews displace historical sons in the case of Charlemagne may be seen in J. W. Determann's "Epische Verwandschaften im altfranzösischem Volksepos" (Burg, 1887), and in the case of Guillaume d'Orange in J. Bédier's "Les Légendes épiques" (I, 130).

That it was natural for the author of the twelfth-century *chansons de geste* and *romans d'aventure* to invent uncles and nephews for their heroes, there can be no doubt. Professor Gummere's remark is as true of the French narrative poetry as it is of the English ballads, that "famous men are provided with a sister's son, while later tradition gives them, or would give them, sons of their own flesh." Why this sentiment, unsupported by law or actual family conditions, persisted with such remarkable force in the subconsciousness of the French is unexplained. Dr. Farnsworth, while reserving an opinion (p. 224), thinks this survival may argue against Professor Bédier's theory of eleventh-century inspiration for the epic, on the ground that poets who did not approach the legendary epic material until that date would not be justified by contemporary custom in their insistence upon this relationship; he opines that the relationship must have its roots in a long tradition regarding these heroes. There is no objection, however, to supposing that poets, when treating for the first time quasi-historical heroes, even in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, should think in terms made conventional by the thought of many generations of Germanic ancestors. The force of the sentiment is later felt in the Italian court poets, Boiardo, Pulci, and Ariosto, who still conventionally insist upon nephew-right

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as implying special affection, authority, and the obligation of vengeance. Even in Spain, as Dr. Farnsworth points out, there are traces of it in the legends of Bernardo del Carpio and the Siete Infantes de Lara. In this connection it may be further noted that when the Cid marries his two daughters to the two rather suspicious characters, the Infantes de Carrión, he commissions his nephew, Felez Muñoz, to watch over the two brides *in loco parentis*.

Even the sentiment attached to this relationship weakened under the actual conditions imposed by the accepted Roman laws of inheritance. The sentiment in favor of the sister's son broadened to include the brother's son, and many texts simply used the term "nephew" without qualification. In the latest mediæval popular literature the son comes into his own, and we cease to hear of the nephew's privileges and obligations. But when we speak in terms of centuries, the nephew's literary downfall seems quite sudden. After holding his own for perhaps thirteen centuries of our era, the nephew passed out with the passing of interest in the genealogies of popular narrative poetry where he had made his last stand. Boys still often resemble their maternal uncles in character and in outward favor, but of blood-feuds and inheritances nowadays, *point de nouvelles!* That later authors are, however, at least sporadically conscious of the force of this bond is shown in the following:

> Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas.
> (Colossians, 4:10.)
>
> Upon condition, Publius shall not live,
> Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
> (Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," iv, 1.)
>
> Where I must strike against the man they call
> My sister's son.
> (Tennyson, "Guinevere," 568.)

And most mediæval of all, in Racine's "Phèdre" (i, 1), where Hippolyte says of the Athenian Princess Aricie:

> Mon père la réprouve; et par des lois sévères
> Il défend de donner des neveux à ses frères.

We have lost a relative who was once closer than a brother; but if any one wishes to find him again, he should go to Dr. Farnsworth's thesis.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Coryston Family. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mrs. Ward's voice sounds always fainter and farther away; presently we shall begin to believe it an echo, and not a voice at all. No doubt, the English world which she portrays does still exist, but its existence is a survival; and of her own art she retains little more than the familiar technique.

Some day, perhaps, nineteenth-century fiction in England will be summed up as the Epic of the Dowager. Without the tradition of the dowager the tale of the Coryston family would never have been. From the opening scene Lady Coryston has the "heavy" part, and heavily she plays it. Politics, or party, is the absorbing interest of her life. To her idea of party she is ready to sacrifice justice and fair play, as to her idea of family she is ready to sacrifice husband and children. The husband, an amiable and honorable gentleman, she has dominated from the altar, and though she has finally estranged him, she has so well managed that his death leaves her mistress of the Coryston estates, and the eldest son inherits little but the title. In viewing this situation, Lady Coryston apart, the American reader should try to "see red." To get the English point of view he must regard this diverted inheritance as a species of sacrilege. Lady Coryston should have retired to her dower house, on allowance, while his new lordship, so to speak, took the pot. That she did not is in itself a thrilling circumstance. It frees her from the restricted sphere of the ordinary dowager. She does, of course, go to the unworthy girl whom she suspects of being about to accept her favorite son; but every dowager in fiction must do that as a sign of good faith, just as every villain in melodrama must smoke a cigarette. Lady Coryston is not dependent upon that kind of thing for her effects. She is the monster the world has dreaded—the dowager with the upper hand.

Young Lord Coryston might have been a striking figure if Mrs. Ward had invented him twenty years ago: now he impresses one simply as the ingenuous, eccentric dreamer with whom Messrs. Hewlett, Locke, et al. have sufficiently acquainted us. That the prospective heir to an income of £70,000 a year should not believe in property, might well trouble the person who had the legal disposal of it; but it is because Lord Coryston makes himself politically offensive to her that she disinherits him. The second son, in whose favor a new will is made, then proposes to marry the daughter of a political enemy, and only the physical downfall of his mother prevents him from being cut off in turn. The romance of Marcia, daughter of the house, is quite separate, and involves that question of the yoking together of disagreeing believers, to which we are always likely to find ourselves returning in the pages of Mrs. Ward.

Van Cleve. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Gen. Nathan Burke was the pattern of a distinguished Ohioan of our grandfathers' time. Van Cleve is a representative Cincinnati citizen of our own day and generation. The history of his second score, virtually coinciding with the eighteen-nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century, is not so stately a performance as Nathan Burke's "biography." And very properly not, for the feat of reviving a bygone literary fashion is obviously uncalled for in the portrayal of a contemporary hero. Consequently the Thackerayan manner, which occasioned much admiration—and some uneasiness—among commentators on the earlier book, is little in evidence in "Van Cleve."

Having defined Van Cleve as a representative Cincinnatian of to-day, we hardly need to add that Van Cleve is a business man. He is, however, no such sublimated specimen of our dominant type as Mr. Dreiser's formidable "Financier." Van Cleve's hardheadedness was, we fear, largely superficial. It chiefly evinced itself in hard work, self-denial, and the honesty that "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Its only domestic manifestation was an occasional protest—never effectual—against chronic impracticality, and it was not incompatible with a large measure of genuine though unostentatious chivalry. Witness his supporting of a thriftless family—grandmother, aunt, cousin, and uncle—in their endless migrations in search of a congenial social atmosphere; also his war-time journey to Cuba, undertaken in behalf only of a girl's reputation, and later the act of conscience by which he precipitated his own financial ruin.

It is rather as the appreciative historian of Ohio manners than as a searching analyst of character or an inventor of absorbingly interesting events that Mrs. Watts excels. We have here a plot that depends entirely upon a manufactured misunderstanding, perfectly transparent to the reader, but, until the last chapters, quite impenetrable to the characters of the story.

Gold. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Holding to his theory that the individual man's struggle towards perfect adjustment with his environment is the great, impressive drama of life, and that the "sex element" does not necessarily exercise even an instant influence on this great drama, Mr. White has produced a vivid narrative of the days of '49, with only males as its characters and no reference to woman save a bare mention of that "fair sisterhood" which is ever a vanguard of the march to Fortune's beck.

There is fighting a-plenty in these pages, and there is mighty striving, deeds of bloodshed, thievery, massacre and madness and hope and despair, but the pictures are true—or at least bring with them the conviction of truth. And even in the most exciting passages one must note the lack of the forced and

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artificial technique that prescribes "dramatic plot" and "sex element" and "artistic balance" and all the rest of the cut-and-dried components of the novel-maker's rule of three.

"Gold" is the first of a promised trilogy. The other books which Mr. White announces he will write will also deal with early days in the West, and will be called "The Gray Dawn" and "The Rose Dawn."

Mother's Son. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

One puts down this novel with surprise that there should be so many Germans in Puritan Boston. At least, one must suppose there are from the account of what befell Elizabeth Willard, author of "The Toy Soldier," after she met Vashti Leissner, herself an author of no small renown, as well as wife of a German-American and mother of a brood of German-American infants. All Germans who came to Boston visited the Leissners, and, of course, when Elizabeth and Mrs. Leissner decided to cooperate as playwrights, Elizabeth met them. She even met the young Herr Lieut. Hugo Waldemar Gunther Mehring, who had unwittingly been the original of "The Toy Soldier," but who had the misfortune to be cashiered and banished to America by his indignant family. He was a pretty boy, and his German friends in Boston who knew his story distrusted him for a *Muttersöhnchen* and officer. They were much surprised when he actually succeeded in the real estate business, and even succeeded in selling motor-cars. But even then he had difficulty in persuading Elizabeth to marry him, because she was so interested in her books and plays—despite her youth she had a dazzling way of tossing off successful manuscripts at short intervals. In the end, however, Herr Lieut. Hugo Waldemar Gunther Mehring proved to the satisfaction of even his bitterest compatriot and critic, big Julius Hasse, that he was no longer *Muttersöhnchen*, and convinced Elizabeth that she loved him. But it was necessary for him first to go through the Titanic disaster, which was rather distressing for all concerned.

Partners. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mandy Hinch, keeper with her aged mother of the post office of the little town of Purham, Vt., is reminiscent in her sensitiveness and her retiring disposition of the first of all portraits of the sort, half a century before Miss Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett—Hepzibah Pyncheon. In the space of a hundred pages the little book weaves about her the shroud of impending tragedy, and then snatches it away. Thanks to a change of parties at Washington, Mandy is informed that her resignation from the post which for twenty years has been her sole support, is accepted. She somehow manages to keep the full force of the news from the frail old mother, even after William Sprague, the kind-hearted appointee, arrives from Boston. In the dismay which these two feel over the insoluble problem before them, one way of escape plainly presents itself. It is not a hard one for Sprague, whose bachelorhood is not confirmed, and who needs a housekeeper; it is hard for Mandy, sentimentally true to the dead soldier sweetheart of her youth. Mrs. Deland's picture of her women is consistent; the contrast between the great emotional value and the impoverished intellectual worth of their lives gives a kind of poetical interest to the little story.

GENERAL MEADE.

The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. By George Meade. Edited by George Gordon Meade. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $7.50 net.

The most interesting feature of this elaborate life of Gen. Meade, the joint work of his son and grandson, is the remarkable series of letters from Meade to his wife, written, for the most part, during his service in the Mexican War and the Civil War. The letters, hitherto unpublished, not only give an almost daily account of military operations in camp and field, but record also with unrestrained frankness the writer's impressions of his superior officers and military associates, and his opinions of political events as related to the wars.

Meade joined the army in Texas in September, 1845, and served actively until April, 1847. He was opposed at first to the war, believing it to have been "brought on by our injustice to a neighbor, and uncalled-for aggression" (I, 154); and he was long of the opinion that actual hostilities could be avoided. He found Taylor "a plain, sensible old gentleman," laughing at the excitement in the North and scouting the idea of war, and unable, as a stanch Whig and an opponent of Texan annexation, to "enter heart and soul into his present duties" (I, 26). The letters abound in scathing criticism of the volunteers, whom Meade describes as "perfectly ignorant of discipline, and most restive under restraint." Thanks to the "miserable economy of our Government," the waste of ammunition caused by lawless and reckless firing is such that "six months of this volunteer force will cost as much as five years for a regular force of equal size" (I, 91). The policy of Polk is treated with contempt. Meade was not blind to Taylor's limitations as a commander; but for the political machinations which took the conduct of the war out of his hands, planned important movements without consulting him, left him for months without sufficient troops or supplies, and yet threw upon him the odium of incapacity, the letters repeatedly voice condemnation. At the same time, war having begun, his sympathies were with those in Congress, who, like Crittenden and Ingersoll, were for pushing it vigorously despite their hostility to Polk. "Finish the war, and then give it to the Administration," he wrote laconically in February, 1847 (I, 181).

The Civil War letters, which fill the last half of Volume I and the first half of Volume II, form one of the most important contributions to the history of the war that have lately been published. Into the thorny mazes of tactics and strategy, with which the letters abound, and upon which still centre the controversies of military critics, space forbids us to go. In such points Meade's version of his own course, along with the versions of his associates, is authoritatively set forth in the official reports. One is impressed throughout, however, by Meade's seriousness and frankness, his devotion to duty, his clear view of what ought to be done, his vast powers of concentration and work, and his modesty. No more in private than in public did he claim honors or rewards beyond what an impartial judgment would accord him. His letters show him as loyal to his friends and generous in his estimates of his military superiors, but at the same time profoundly distrustful of the politicians at Washington, and bitterly resentful of the persistent efforts of Greeley and others of the press to belittle or censure him. He was first and always a soldier, and upon his conduct he desired a soldier's, and not a civilian's, verdict.

Meade perceived at once the flaw in Wilkes's course in the Trent affair, though doubting if war with England would result. Seward's letter he did not like: "it is specious and pettifogging" (1, 241). For McClellan, under whom he at first served, he had regard and respect, yielded but slowly to the conviction that McClellan's excessive caution unfitted him for high command, and condemned roundly the political intrigues which attended his removal. Of Burnside and Hooker he writes warmly, yet with unerring perception of their faults. The long and dreary controversy over Gettysburg naturally bulks large in these volumes, and on the whole reflects credit on Meade's modesty and poise. He knew what he had done and why he had done it, gave praise or blame to his subordinates as he believed the case warranted, and protested only against the personal attacks of those who would not, or could not, understand why he had not pursued and destroyed Lee's army after defeating it. Of Grant he seems never to have entertained a high opin-

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ion, and in the crowning disappointment of his career, the unjust promotion of Sheridan over him, he saw the working-out of personal qualities in Grant whose existence he had early discerned.

For the rest, the work is a comprehensive life of Meade. The letters are briefly annotated where necessary, and are allowed to tell their own story; where they fail, the author and editor supply a well-written narrative. There is a good account of Meade's career from 1847 to 1861, when as an army engineer he was engaged in lighthouse construction and in the survey of the Great Lakes; and his activities as military commander in the South after the war are briefly sketched. About one-third of Volume II is given to an appendix, comprising a few official dispatches and extracts from newspaper articles, together with twenty-four maps of the Gettysburg campaign.

Roads from Rome. By Anne C. E. Allinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

"The main purpose of these Roman sketches is to show that the men and women of ancient Rome were like ourselves." Such are the opening words of Mrs. Allinson's preface, and they are justified in the six character-sketches that follow, though we might add that the setting of the stories shows the specific state of life under the early empire quite as much as the common ground of humanity that was the same then as now. There is little action in the stories; they are concerned rather to set forth, in a manner reminiscent of Pater, the self-revelations of character that might come to such men as Catullus and Horace and Mæcenas and Ovid in some critical hour of their lives. To our taste this method succeeds better in the case of a reflective poet like Horace than of a creature of passion and impulse like Catullus, and the chapter called The Phrase Maker is perhaps the most successful in the series—is in itself a refined piece of phrase-making, and something more than that. We cannot give a better idea of the manner of the book than by quoting three paragraphs from the beginning, middle, and end, respectively, of this sketch, with its motto from Horace himself, "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit":

> But the master of this charming outlook evidently had his mind on something else. He was a man about fifty-five years old, short and stout, and with hair even grayer than his age warranted. As he leaned back among his cushions on a stone bench, so skilfully placed under an ilex tree that his face was protected while the sun fell across his body, he looked an unromantic figure enough, no better than any other Roman gentleman past his prime, seeking the sunshine and intent on physical comfort.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> But now, like the phantom in Brutus's tent at Philippi, a grim question stole upon him out of the shadows of his memory. Was it possible that his fight on that field of defeat had been, not a folly, but the golden moment of his life? Had Athens taught him something even profounder than the art which had made him Rome's best lyric poet? He had forgotten much of her humiliation, and of his own Roman pride in her subjection during those days when he had lived, in youthful hero-worship, with the spirits of her great past. Had she, after all, not only taught the sons of her masters philosophy and the arts, but taken them captive, as well, by the imperious ideals of her own youth, by her love of freedom and of truth?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Davus," he called out, "make haste. I have had a visit from the shades, and it has been as unpleasant as those cold baths the doctor makes me take." Then, as he saw the look of fright on the wrinkled face of the old slave who had been with his father when he died, he broke into a laugh and put his hand on his shoulder. "Calm yourself, my good fellow," he said, "we shall all be shades some day, and to-day I feel nearer than usual to that charming state. But in the meantime there is a chance for Bacchus and the Muses. Tell them to get out a jar of Falernian to-night, and do you unroll Menander. The counsels of the divine Plato are too eternal for my little mind. And, Davus," he added thoughtfully, as he rose and leaned on the slave's willing arm, "as soon as we get to the house, write down, 'Greece took her captors captive.' That has the making of a good phrase in it—a good phrase. I shall polish it up and use it some day."

Such is the manner of the book, but its interest is greater than can be shown in any extracts. There is no sense of effort in the writing, and no harsh pedantry in the details. As one reads, it is as if one were wafted in a pleasant dream back to the Rome of Cæsar and Augustus and to the Athenian schools of the philosophers.

A New Government for the British Empire. By F. W. Bussell, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

The vice-principal of Brasenose possesses the art of being severe without being unparliamentary. In common with the rest of mankind, he "lacks the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." Yet he is able to make out a damaging case. Reasons for anxiety may, he says, be summed up as follows: the dangerous rivalry of interests, sectional conflict, a landless people, an aggrieved industrial proletariat, professional statesmen, threatened retirement from public business of a still influential and trusted class, premiums on official and expert services, disappearance of gratuitous duties issuing out of the life of ordinary citizens, ubiquitous distrust of direct consultation of the people, deadlock of government by equally divided parties, increasing use of coercion, and complete decay of moral force in the state. To these symptoms of a thoroughly unhealthy condition may be added the universal lack of respect for authority.

Such a bill of particulars would be disheartening were it not suggested throughout this work that the real character of the British nation remains sound, despite the fact that all public and political influences, methods, and vocabulary are alike demoralizing. The difficulty is that an entirely false view is given by the insincere rancor of party spirit. "Friendly intercourse between the classes," we are informed, "is still the rule in actual life; but we may easily drift into civil war some day, because we are so often told that we are already engaged in it." In other words, the bitterness of Parliament and party (though often fictitious) can easily be reflected with disastrous effect on the whole national life. This position, it is maintained, is owing, not to the supposed application of "democracy," but to the fact that no effort is made to apply it at all.

There is nothing novel in such a presentation of contemporary British affairs. These views have been expressed time and again, but seldom with such sound learning and such genuine philosophical reflection. The work before us is scholarly without being academic, strenuous without being noisy, large without ignoring the littleness of human existence. While seemingly revolutionary, it really preaches a return to first principles. It demands an extensive system of devolution—without that democracy will always remain what it is to-day, an empty imposture, disguising absolute government in an anonymous and peculiarly distasteful form; as precarious in tenure as the older despotisms, and far less dignified, continuous, and efficient in its policy.

What is really needed? First, the dissolution of the Commons, only in name a predominant or popular chamber; next, the devolution of local power to four or five provincial assemblies; then, the creation of an imperial Senate, to be erected on the foundations of the House of Lords, insensibly passing out of the chrysalis of pure heredity into wider interests and usefulness; finally, an enlargement or restoration of the influence of the sovereign.

King Edward as I Knew Him. Reminiscences of Five Years' Personal Attendance upon His Late Majesty, King Edward the VII. By C. W. Stamper. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

As a work of unconscious humor, this deserves more than casual notice. Sel-

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dom has the innocent flunkeyism which doth hedge about a king more quaintly recorded itself. This is not to reflect upon the author's social standing. He was not, as report has had it, the King's chauffeur, but his motor expert, who was in charge of all the royal cars. He never drove the King, but always had a seat beside the chauffeur, in order to direct him, and to be on hand in case of accident. As there was no room for a footman, the duties of that functionary devolved upon him. But they might have devolved upon any of the King's gentlemen in similar circumstances, and the flunkeyism of these reminiscences is not essentially different from that which any of them might show if he were to take to print.

That Mr. Stamper has a genuine reverence for the memory of his former employer there is no manner of doubt. The amusing thing is that he does not suspect how little likely his narrative is to induce reverence in his readers. He honestly believes that the King "was a great man and had great ways." But the ways here recorded are the little ways of an ordinary man. By their testimony the late King must appear to Mr. Stamper's readers as an old gentleman who had been spoiled all his life and could but remain spoiled to the end; a good-natured old gentleman when nothing interfered with his personal plans or comfort; a martinet in the conduct of his household; a kindly master, for the most part, in speech and manner, but without consideration for his servants when his own convenience was in question; a man who attracted people, but not because of any exceptional fineness in his own nature or carriage: a "good fellow," in terms of royalty. He had, says Mr. Stamper, "a keen sense of humor." These pages show it broad rather than keen, and continually at variance with courtesy and consideration for others. Harry Lauder is his ideal of humor on the stage. The King goes to see him and "laughs a great deal"; the next day he says to his motor expert, "Put your hat on, Stamper. Did you like the play last night?" "Very much indeed, your Majesty." "Yes, I thought you would, because you would understand it. It was really very good, very funny."

He loved to play little practical jokes on the persons who served him, gentle or simple, and never lost the chance of twitting a victim. He loved the slapstick touch in everyday life. When Stamper seizes a horse by the bridle to get him out of the way of the car, and is lifted off his feet, the King is convulsed with mirth. Physical mishaps arouse in him the delight of the small boy or the music-hall audience. Stamper dances down a lot of gillies at a tenants' ball at Balmoral. "My discomfiture of the Scotchmen greatly amused his Majesty. 'Look at Stamper,' I heard him cry, 'just look at him!' A moment later I slipped and fell, which made his Majesty roar with laughter."

The King must have everything go according to schedule. "Stamper" was responsible if anything went wrong: then would Majesty lift its voice and complain that Stamper was always making mistakes. The motor expert boasts, however, that "he never saw the King lose his temper with any but those who knew him and whom he knew well"—which, reduced to unroyal terms, would seem to be much like saying that Smith was always a perfect gentleman—except at home.

Notes

The Century Co. will soon have ready: Theodore Dreiser's "A Traveler at Forty"; an "Advanced American History," by S. E. Forman, and "Beyond the Pasture Bars," a new school reader by Dallas Lore Sharp.

Among the books which Putnams issue this week are "Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe," by Sophie Jewett, and "Little Stories by Big Men," compiled by Annabel Lee.

The same house has in press "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare, New Light and Old Evidence," by the Countess de Chambrun, and "The Story of the World," by Elizabeth O'Neill.

A third collection of stories by L. P. Jacks is promised next week by Holt. The same house will publish later in the season Inez Haynes Gillmore's novel "Angel Island."

A forthcoming book in the list of George W. Jacobs & Company is a "Life of Admiral Semmes," by Colyer Meriwether.

Smith & Elder are bringing out Sir Sidney Lee's inaugural at East London College, entitled "The Place of English Literature in the Modern University."

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has translated into English "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult" from the French of Joseph Bédier. M. Bédier's version, made up of fragmentary French poems of the twelfth century and later variations, was crowned by the French Academy. The translation will be published by Messrs. Allen.

Mr. R. O. Winstedt is preparing for the Oxford University Press a "Malay Grammar." It will be the first work of the kind in English.

The following are additions which Dutton makes this autumn to Everyman's Library: "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," by G. W. E. Russell; "Life in Mexico," by Mme. Calderon de la Barca; Dostoievsky's "The Idiot"; "The Fall of Constantinople, or Theodora Phranza," by the late Dr. T. M. Neale; Balzac's "Lost Illusions," with an introduction by George Saintsbury; R. L. Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey"; "A Century of Essays," an enlarged Æsop, being a collection of fables; Swedenborg's "Divine Providence," specially translated under the auspices of the Swedenborg Society, and an Atlas dealing with Africa and Australasia and embracing a period from the Pyramids to the present.

Books in preparation by the Oxford University Press include: "A Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words," by W. W. Skeat, completed by A. L. Mayhew; Map's "De Nugis Curialium," edited by M. R. James; "Studies of the Odyssey," by J. A. K. Thomson; "Concise Dante Dictionary," by Paget Toynbee; "Catalogue of Coins in the Punjab Museum, Lahore," by R. B. Whitehead, and in the World's Classic series Miss M. Betham-Edwards's "The Lord of the Harvest."

Sir James Murray is seeking, for the "New English Dictionary," to fill up some gaps in the history of the word "transept." He would be glad to get examples of it before Leland (1540), or between Leland and Anthony Wood (1692), or a Latin form of any age in actual use—that is, not in modern dictionaries which may have simply invented or inferred it.

"The Youth of Goethe" (Dutton), by P. Hume Brown, is the work not of a specialist in German literature, but of a distinguished Scottish historian whose previous essays in biography have concerned themselves with his fellow-countrymen, George Buchanan and John Knox. "The Youth of Goethe" is written with this historian's accustomed accuracy, knowledge of the sources of information, and judicial sobriety. So thoroughly normal is the composition of the book that no one quality is conspicuous. Dr. Brown does not profess to fill a gap, nor does he notably add to the literature on his subject already easily accessible in German. He does, however, give one of the most orderly accounts in English of a many-sided personality, and to the narrative of Goethe's early life he properly correlates an exhibit of Goethe's writings up to and including the "Urfaust."

The two English writers to whom the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded in the dozen years since its foundation are both natives of India. Rabindranath Tagore, the recipient of this year's honor, is a native of Bengal. His predecessor, Rudyard Kipling, is a native of Bombay. If Kipling is spoken of as an Anglo-Indian author because he wrote in English of an India which he has made his own, it is equally proper to apply the term Anglo-Indian to Tagore, whose present fame has come to him as a poet in the English tongue; but with this difference, that the India of Tagore is, naturally, far more real than the highly romanticized and dramaticized land which goes by the name of Kipling's India. The poems with which Tagore has so rapidly come to the front were written originally in the Bengali tongue, but the author has himself rendered them into an idiomatic English.

The *Nation* has already expressed at some length its opinion of the work of Rabindranath Tagore, in reviewing (May 15) his volume of prose-poems entitled "Gitanjali," and there is little more to be said in regard to his more recent volume, "The Gardener" (Macmillan). The present collection of "lyrics of love and life," as he calls them, were for the most part written much earlier than the "Gitanjali," and show rather the mysticism implicit in the modern Hindu's notion of love than the love implicit in his

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practice of mysticism. They are pretty and gentle and shot through occasionally with deeper meanings, as may be judged from these two fair specimens:

19.

You walked by the riverside path with the full pitcher upon your hip.
Why did you swiftly turn your face and peep at me through your fluttering veil?
That gleaming look from the dark came upon me like a breeze that sends a shiver through the rippling water and sweeps away to the shadowy shore.
It came to me like the bird of evening that hurriedly flies across the lampless room from the one open window to the other, and disappears in the night.
You are hidden as a star behind the hills, and I am a passer-by upon the road.
But why did you stop for a moment and glance at my face through your veil while you walked by the riverside path with the full pitcher upon your hip?

58.

One morning in the flower garden a blind girl came to offer me a flower chain in the cover of a lotus leaf.
I put it round my neck, and tears came to my eyes.
I kissed her and said, "You are blind even as the flowers are.
"You yourself know not how beautiful is your gift."

In the uniform edition of Anatole France's works in English now appears "The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard," competently translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson (Lane). Not the least delightful portion of this volume is the introductory chapter in which the author gives us an exquisite appreciation of his earlier presentation of Monsieur Coignard in that rare book, "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque." In those earlier "memoirs" the mellow philosophical rascal lives again, says our author, "as Socrates does in the Memorabilia of Xenophon. . . . It is a work that makes one think of those portraits of Erasmus by Holbein that one sees in the Louvre, at Bâle, or at Hampton Court, the delicacy of which never wearies the sense of appreciation." "The Opinions," less distinctively a work of imagination, is cast in the form of dialogues and conversations held by the genial ecclesiastic as he drank his pint at the *Petit Bacchus* or turned over a volume of Cassiodorus at the book shop of Monsieur Blaizot. Coignard is a good Catholic; for the rest, he is Anatole France applying his suavely cynical criticism to governments, science, the army, academies, revolutions, historians, and the idea of justice.

In April, 1900, ex-President Cleveland delivered two addresses at Princeton, inaugurating the Lectureship on Public Affairs which Henry Stafford Little, an alumnus of the University, had endowed in his honor. The subject of these first lectures was "The Independence of the Executive." The next spring he lectured twice on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," and two years later he gave a lecture on "The Government in the Chicago Strike." These lectures have now been published in three small volumes by the Princeton University Press. The natural interest of the topics they discuss was enhanced by the circumstance that the lecturer had played a leading part in the events considered. This circumstance gives the volumes the value attaching to first-hand historical material.

David Starr Jordan's "War and Waste" (Doubleday, Page) is described in a prefatory note as a series of addresses, essays, and editorials having the purpose of opposition to war, to war scares, and to war accessories in general. The title address was delivered at the Harvard Union in 1911. The other papers are reprinted from the *World's Work*, the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, and other journals, some of them published abroad. A few of the titles are "The Pest of Glory," "The Net of the Usurer," "Fort Graft," "The Dream of Universal War," "Anti-Alien Legislation in California," and "The American Peace Policy."

We have more than once expressed appreciation of the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Holt), the new titles of which bring the total up to seventy-two volumes. "From Jefferson to Lincoln," by Prof. William McDonald, of Brown University, is a sketch of our national history as related mainly to three lines of development, constitutional growth, the growth of the party system, and slavery. "Germany of To-day," by Charles Tower, gives about half of its two hundred and fifty pages to various features of the mechanism of the Government, the Kaiser, the Reichstag, police, law courts, armed forces, imperial finance, etc., and the remainder to such topics as education, industrial organization, agriculture, and the intellectual life. Dr. J. B. Bury, the well-known historian of the Later Roman Empire, contributes "A History of Freedom of Thought." The somewhat bitter spirit which Dr. Bury allows to crop out here and there against religious intolerance seems not entirely in accord with his clear recognition, on pages 55 and 56, that some influence or other had chilled to practical extinction the earlier growth of Greek science generations before the influence of Christianity had entered the field. It is quite possible that modern civilization had to slough off something more than mere theological obscurantism before the sun of modern intellectual freedom could shine forth.

That the editors of the Home University do not take its limitation to "modern knowledge in any narrow spirit is shown by the inclusion of such subjects as Miss Jane E. Harrison's "Ancient Art and Ritual," the aim of which is to show that "these two divergent developments have a common root, and that neither can be understood without the other. It is at the outset one and the same impulse that sends a man to church and to the theatre." This birth of art "by way of ritual out of emotion" leads the author naturally to considerable concessions to present-day "Expressionists," but it is doubtless a mere trick of typographical depravity which makes her say that art should come "out of life keenly and vividly *livid*." Dr. William T. Councilman, of Harvard University, writes of "Disease and Its Causes" in a way to be of great practical value to any intelligent reader, though of course the work is not intended as a "family doctor-book." He cautions the devotees of eugenics that there is as yet an "excess of theory and dearth of facts" in their science, and that attempts to influence heredity should be limited strictly to heredity of disease. "Plant Life," by J. Bretland Farmer, professor of botany in the Imperial College of Science and Technology, of London, deals with plant form from the point of view of function. The main thesis in "The Origin and Nature of Life," by Benjamin Moore, professor of bio-chemistry in the University of Liverpool, is that the hiatus between the non-living and the living is bridged not at a level of bacteria or animalculæ, where the search for the passage has been invariably unsuccessful, but at a depth of life beyond the reach of the microscope and possessing a unit lower than the living cell, as we conceive of that cell from the tissues of animals and plants. These volumes are sold at fifty cents each.

Discussion of Hamlet's mental condition has for the moment been eclipsed by similar searchings as to Strindberg. The latter presents a less interesting problem, though scarcely less perplexing. If Strindberg could be dismissed summarily with the title of fool, in which light he frequently enough appeared, much would be gained, for we cannot feel that any real profit can be got by reading his works. But in the background of his nature it is easy to see the spectre of greatness. He combined in an extraordinary way resolute idealism with impulsive fear. Of a sudden he was prone to be overcome by a sense of terror at his unconventional position and to wish for death; at other times he was sickened by the incongruity of his visions and the facts of life, and gave up the struggle out of hand. In the midst, for instance, of one of his many amours, he was impressed by its sordidness, and, with all the heroics of the Romanticist, attempted suicide. An account of this adventure is found in a volume which has just appeared from the Appletons' press, "August Strindberg, The Spirit of Revolt: Studies and Impressions," by L. Lind-af-Hageby:

He undresses by the shore, throws himself into the cold water, and swims out into the open sea. After a struggle with the waves, he returns exhausted. Beckoning Fate to do her worst, he then climbs an alder tree in a state of perfect nudity. The icy October gale responds, and, when he descends shivering, he is satisfied with the first part of the expiatory act.

Without pursuing the analogy to Hamlet further, for Hamlet never did anything quite so silly as this, even with a "method," it may be noted that Strindberg found in this Danish prince a kindred soul. Miss Lind-af-Hageby has set forth the facts of Strindberg's life with much fulness and without any desire to excuse her subject of great moral blame. Towards the literary works she is a bit less critical, though showing none of the unthinking adulation with which the book market has lately been flooded. The question which each critic of the Swede should ask himself is, Did Strindberg write anything which is not vitiated by his mental confusion?

Another work, this by Strindberg himself, comes to us from Putnams, "The Red Room," a book which was first published in 1879, and which gave its author his first literary prominence. Though in the form of a novel, the book is sufficiently autobiographical to warrant brief mention at this place. The hero, Arvid Falk, a journalist, is, of course, Strindberg, here represented as an idealist who undergoes a series of crushing disillusions. Every phase of Swedish society is satirized, the author finding embodiments of the Seven

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Deadly Sins. Respectability is proved to be a sham under which the banker, the publisher, the clergy, carry on their corrupt practices. The contrast with this picture of wretched time-serving is furnished by the occupants of the Red Room of a restaurant, where gather artists of all sorts struggling by their wits to eke out an existence. That most of them fail argues not their incompetence, but the brutality of the world. Some of the sketches have undeniable keenness, for Strindberg always saw concretely. This quality contributed both his strength and his weakness as a writer. It was noted so long ago as 1884 by Björnson: "He has been a pietist, and so he is still, in spite of many experiences—not religiously, but morally. A cause is for him only persons; bring them out, whip them."

Miss Margaret Ladd Franklin's bibliography, "The Case for Woman Suffrage," is marked by accurate workmanship and sober discrimination. About four hundred titles of books and pamphlets, thirty-three Congressional reports (1874-1912), twenty-four plays, nearly six hundred articles in periodicals, fifty-five leaflets in series published by the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and eleven current suffrage periodicals—the first four divisions arranged chronologically, the latter two alphabetically, and all together representing the opinion of twenty-three centuries, from Plato down—here is a bristling arsenal for propagandists, alike friends and adversaries of the ideas preached by the National College Equal Suffrage League, which is sponsor for the book. The task of the agitator will be lightened by the full index to authors' names, but especially by the rating attached to a large number of the entries. The laurels are awarded to Wendell Phillips, Mill, Higginson, and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Only next in importance are the utterances of David G. Ritchie, Lady Grove, and Max Eastman; and after these follow, among others, Ibsen, Mrs. Putnam, Jacobi, Veblen, Prof. William I. Thomas, Lydia E. Bekker, Professor Cairns, Mrs. Olive Schreiner, and Miss M. Carey Thomas, the last of whom writes the introduction to the volume. As a rule, the estimates are corroborated by an analysis of book or article or by a significant excerpt. If terse finalities of judgment occur, such as "platitudes" or "too bitter for present persuasiveness," or "flippant, yet without wit," they prove the compiler a rational woman, and leave her devotion as a suffragist unimpugned. What makes this bibliography a readable book in large part is the sense of humor betrayed in the critical comments. The opinions quoted fairly reveal the growth of the movement, from Mill's summing up in 1869: "We have had the morality of submission and the morality of chivalry and generosity; the time is now come for the morality of justice," to F. H. Barrow's in 1908: "Our chief plea . . . for woman suffrage is not that she is now denied a right . . . but that the time is ripe for her to be called on to bear her share of social responsibility." With this sweep of thought, one wonders why Ellen Key, the emotional expounder of the feminist argument from responsibility, has not been included.

Rear-Admiral A. T. Mahan's "Major Operations of the Navies in the War of American Independence," which was first published fifteen years ago as a chapter in the "History of the Royal Navy," an English work in seven volumes under the general editorship of Sir William Laird Clowes, is now reprinted by Little, Brown & Co., without material change. It is written in the author's well-known authoritative manner and the style of presentation is concise and telling. It is not, however, a history of the American navy in the Revolution. One must not look in it for an account of naval organization, or of the achievement of such ships as were sent to engage in individual enterprises against the mistress of the sea. Not even the brilliant career of John Paul Jones is mentioned. The probable reason is that Jones's achievements were not regarded as major operations. The British writers have contended that Jones was a privateer, or even a pirate; but one cannot believe that the distinguished American officer would countenance so uncharitable a view towards a man who in fighting spirit was the one glory of the American navy of the Revolution. The author wishes to show us the importance of sea power in our struggle for independence. He gives chapters to Arnold's defence of Lake Champlain, the British attack on Charleston in 1776, with other operations on the coast, the effect of Howe's Philadelphia campaign on the Saratoga campaign, and the operations of the navy on the coast in connection with the defence of New York, Rhode Island, Georgia, and the Carolinas. Besides these chapters there is an extended account of the operations of British and French fleets in the second half of the war, in both the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. Considering the purpose for which the book was originally written, it is not surprising that it is chiefly a history of British naval operations in our Revolutionary War. In a brief introduction, which is written expressly for the present American reprint, Rear-Admiral Mahan points out two lessons of the war, in fact, of all wars. They are that war, once begun, is likely to spread much farther than was at first expected, and that the best means of defending a nation in war is to be ready on the sea. The latter argument, for which the author is widely known, continually reappears in the body of the book. In order to support the narrative of naval events on the Atlantic Coast, an outline of land operations is introduced. It is very brief, and contains no new matter. In fact, the reviewer has discovered one error. The commander of the loyalists at Moore's Creek (p. 31) was Donald McDonald and the husband of Flora McDonald was named Allan. But such a slip is unimportant in a book which within its scope is sane and scholarly.

In Norris A. Brisco's "Economics of Business" (Macmillan) a commendable effort has been made to express, in clear and simple language, the fundamental principles underlying business enterprises. This was made possible only by a thorough study of the methods which have been practiced in the successful management of business ventures, and by the careful examination of the large volume of recent literature which treats of the various phases of business itself. After outlining the economic basis of business, the author proceeds to a discussion of such questions as usually are considered in present-day works on corporations and scientific management. Here are included, among other topics, the types of business organizations, the principles of scientific management, the function of the *entrepreneur*, the analysis of cost accounting, factory and labor efficiency, buying and selling, and the principles and mediums of advertising. The work is adapted to meet the twofold purpose of serving as a textbook for classes in business administration as well as to assist business men in their efforts to obtain greater efficiency in their special lines of work.

After having written on the love affairs of Madame de Staël, George Sand, Byron, Shelley, and Catherine the Great, Mr. Francis Gribble must have been hard pressed to find a heroine whose amatory exploits would not appear in the nature of anticlimax. There remained Messalina and Isabella II of Spain. For the moment Messalina is neglected in favor of the young queen who "danced away her throne"—"The Tragedy of Isabella II" (Badger). "Not only was her love of dancing excessive," says Mr. Gribble, "her choice of partners was unfortunate." No more so, perhaps, than Mr. Gribble's choice of subjects. Lovers of the prurient may open this volume with full confidence that every detail relating to the dancing and the partners will be therein treated. For Mr. Gribble holds that "the scandals must be realized in order that the political movements may be understood." Perhaps a truer statement of the author's method would be that it is necessary to introduce a few dry facts of history for the better understanding of the scandals, for the book contains little else. In his use of sources Mr. Gribble is wholly uncritical. He relies in large part upon the back-stairs gossip printed in the partisan press of the day and upon the lively imaginings of contemporary foreign tourists. Many of these narratives are obviously false, but they serve to make history readable. A few errors and misprints have crept into the text.

The panics upon which F. W. Hirst, the editor of the *Economist*, has written in "Six Panics and Other Essays" (London: Methuen), have nothing to do with finance. The panics are all over an "invasion of England" by a foreign Power. The first was caused by an alarmist letter written to the *Times* by the aged Duke of Wellington in 1847 as to the utterly unprotected state of England's coast and the danger of a French invasion. The second followed a very few years later (1851-1853), and this, together with the third (1859-1861), was also over "the French." The fourth was in connection with Stead's famous "Navy Scare" in 1884. By this time the French bogey had relinquished the centre of the stage and the fourth alarm was not specific as to the particular enemy. Germany, however (in 1906), loomed up as the foreign foe and caused the Dreadnought panic with its "We want eight, we won't wait" chorus—much the most expensive panic of the series. The latest, which belongs indeed to the present year, is the "Airship Panic," when, in February and March last, people in England affected to believe that German airships were nightly surveying the northeast coast! This one fitly crowns the series. Mr. Hirst's descriptions of the six are full of humor, but there is throughout

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his writing on this subject, a *sæva indignatio* against the whole business of manufacturing war-scares which well becomes so stanch a disciple of Cobden and Bright. Many times he charges directly and indirectly that these things are deliberately worked up by the "ring" of manufacturers of war material; perhaps this is the main defect in his perspective, for it is impossible to credit these people with such great power and such remarkable ingenuity as he seems to attribute to them. Nevertheless, these essays are a powerful corrective to the infection of "Jingoism" and may be cordially recommended to those who are fortunate enough not to remember too far back in the past. The volume contains besides the "panic" essays, and an enthusiastic appreciation of John Bright, an interesting paper on Friedrich List, who is described as the "Father of the German Zollverein," and a discussion of English newspapers. There is a pleasant flavor of scholarship about Mr. Hirst's writing; he belongs to the school of the classical economists of the mid-nineteenth century and shows that it is still possible to write of latter-day finance in the language of Bagehot.

Miss M. E. Hirst's little book on "The Story of Trusts" (London: Collins' Clear-Type Press) is an excellent introduction to the subject for the general reader who wants a bird's-eye view of the world-wide tendency towards industrial combination so marked within the last twenty years. In the space of some 250 small pages she contrives to pack a great deal of information. The chapters on Trusts in England and Government Monopolies are particularly interesting to the American reader who, judging from the account of Trusts in America, which is on the whole accurate in its details, will feel some confidence in what he reads of the rest of the world. The chapter on Trusts and Tariffs makes it clear where the author's sympathies lie; she points out in passing that Russia of all European countries "has surrounded herself with the highest tariff wall —an average *ad valorem* duty of 131 per cent. According to the estimate of a recent investigator Russia has also created a record in Trusts. M. Leroux-Zuyeff declares that there are at least nineteen hundred Trusts and syndicates in different parts of the Empire." This chapter is headed by Mr. Havemeyer's famous remark, "The tariff is the mother of Trusts." The chapter on Unpopularity of Trusts is perhaps the least satisfactory in Miss Hirst's book. It discloses more animus than do the others. We note in it the curious misstatement that the so-called Coal Trust "compelled the independent mines who had no other carriers to sell their output to these companies at 65 per cent. of the *average market price*" (italicization ours). It was at 65 per cent. of the average *tidewater* price—a very different thing, for it included the rate of transportation, the railway taking the 35 per cent. as its rate.

James Carter Beard, illustrator and author, died Saturday at his home in New Orleans, La., aged seventy-six. He was born in Cincinnati. In the work of illustration he made a specialty of pictures of animal life. As an author he is remembered for "Little Workers," "Curious Homes and Their Tenants," and "Billy Possum."

Science

THE INVENTOR OF ANTISEPSIS.

Lord Lister, His Life and Work. By G. T. Wrench, M.D. (Lond.). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.50 net.

The very simplicity of the life of Lister makes the task of the biographer anything but easy. Here is no gripping story of a man who overcame adverse social conditions, no picturesque rise from penury to professional prominence and royal favor. When Joseph Lister was born in 1827 at West Ham, just outside the London of that day, it was into comfortable conditions and a Quaker environment. His father, like his father before him, was a wine merchant, but also a man of much talent who did a great service in improving the construction of lenses for microscopes. Educated in a good Quaker school, young Lister went to University College in 1845, and two years later passed to University College Hospital and its medical school. Here he came especially under the influence of Sharpey, who seems to have done much to give Lister scientific interests and that insight into method which was later so helpful to him. After his graduation and some hospital experience, Sharpey sent him, at the age of twenty-five, to Syme, at Edinburgh, one of the great surgeons of the world.

Lister went to Scotland in 1852 as a visitor, but he soon became Syme's house surgeon, and later, in 1856, his son-in-law, and remained in the north twenty-five years. In 1860 he went to Glasgow as a professor of surgery, returning to Edinburgh nine years later to serve as professor of clinical surgery. In 1877 he took a similar position at King's College Hospital in London, holding it until 1893, when he reached the prescribed age of retirement. In 1883 he had been made a baron and was raised to the peerage in 1897. Lady Lister, long his constant companion and a devoted helper in his scientific and literary work, had died in 1893, leaving no children. Lord Lister himself died in 1912, after being much enfeebled for eight or ten years.

When Lister's eightieth birthday came it was proposed to collect his papers and publish them as a memorial of the master. This was accomplished by a small committee of his friends, and in 1909 two stately volumes issued from the Clarendon Press, carrying not everything which Lister had printed, but all which he held to have abiding interest or cared to have preserved outside of his contributions to several large treatises on surgery. The introduction to these memorial volumes contained some biographical information and an appreciation of the work there recorded. There was still abundant opportunity for a fuller account. This story Dr. Wrench, himself an ardent Listerian, has written, and, all things considered, has written it well.

Lister was an excellent teacher and a good surgeon, but neither his teaching nor his operative skill would have given him much more than a local reputation. He was also a careful and enthusiastic investigator, having been well trained by an excellent physiologist. Wrench rather overrates the value of these experimental researches, and few will accept his opinion that Lister was a profounder philosopher than Pasteur. The experimental work was, however, of the utmost immediate value in aiding Lister to apply the teaching of Pasteur to the burning problem of the proper treatment of wounds. Here it was that the genius of Lister showed itself, not in recognizing the importance of the problem, for every surgeon whose mind reached beyond the edge of his scalpel knew that, but in perceiving that the doctrines of Pasteur showed the way to the solution.

To realize the seriousness of this problem is nowadays hard. So accustomed are we to the salubrity of the modern hospital and to the comparative safety of operations that few of us appreciate what a different place a hospital was fifty years ago. It was then almost actually dangerous to have an operation performed, even in the best of hospitals. The chances of the patient were better in his own home, or in the open air, as the experience of American surgeons in the Civil War abundantly demonstrated, although the significance of this fact was but slowly recognized, and even now is not known to Dr. Wrench. The mortality of cases operated on in the great hospitals of Europe (or of America, for that matter) was appalling. Pyæmia and hospital gangrene abounded in the surgical wards, and the glow of erysipelas was everywhere. Some of the most distinguished operators were obliged from time to time to close up considerable parts of hospitals, even in the case of comparatively new buildings, in order to try some form of house-cleaning in the hope of changing the unfavorable conditions, but with no clear knowledge of what these conditions really were. Those who care for figures illustrative of this state of affairs will find some in this book, particularly those compiled by Sir James Simpson, but for greater detail should look in Lister's articles or read the story as told by some of the German surgeons, for example Lindpainter (*Deutsche Zeitschrift für Chirurgie*, VII, 187).

Such conditions existed also in the Infirmary when Lister went to Glasgow, and under such conditions he worked there. It was not, however, until early in 1865 that his attention was clearly directed to a possible connection between the existing surgical troubles and

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the questions of putrefaction discussed by Pasteur nearly two years earlier. Lister at once began to seek some method of destroying the microbes of a wound by chemicals and some means of keeping the wound from the air which was supposed to carry the microbes. There is reason for thinking that the earlier experiments were made with various sulphites, but this is not set forth here or in the collected articles. Be that as it may, Lister very soon took up carbolic acid, which was just then in favor as a deodorizer of sewage, and so presumably was a destroyer of putrefaction. Success was not immediate, but on the 12th of August, 1865, came the first really good results, and this is the birthday of Listerism and antisepsis and all that follows.

The first application of the method was to compound fractures in which a portion of a broken bone protrudes through the skin, conditions peculiarly favorable to the entrance of dirt and microbes. Later the method was extended to abscesses, and with such success that a further extension to actual operations naturally followed, leading ultimately to new operations, such as not even the most reckless had been willing to undertake. Along with this progress went the development of highly complex methods of bandaging to keep out the air, bearer of microbes, and presently the adoption of a spray of carbolic acid to prevent the access of microbes during the operation, or while changing bandages. Wrench tries to make it appear that the spray was not really a part of Lister's scheme and that he adopted it more because of his good nature in accepting a suggestion than from any belief in its efficacy. It is true that he became skeptical about the spray in a few years, but he did not abandon it until about 1887 after using it above fifteen years; Schultze says they were spraying in Edinburgh in October, 1871. He gives also a full account of the antiseptic bandage and the way it came about, and at some length derides the modern system of asepsis, with its endless complexity. This complexity comes from the recognition that scrupulous care is required to keep away the microbes found on the surface of the body of the patient or on insufficiently cleaned instruments, or, again, in the hands and person of the operator, and thus to preserve aseptic conditions. The doctrine of antisepsis postulated the internal air as the carrier of germs by which the wound or its secretions might be contaminated; it also demanded careful and special cleansing of hands and instruments, but not with the scrupulosity of the aseptic system.

Wrench declares that asepsis shows even less good results than antisepsis, in the fully developed Listerian method, and should be abandoned. That opens up a large question which can hardly be discussed here. In a measure, he is perhaps right, however, in urging that the aseptic system is becoming overloaded and topheavy, and lacks the adaptability of the simpler Listerism. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two extremes, and there is a real danger of making too much of certain details and losing one's self among them. One needs what has been carelessly called an "antiseptic conscience," but one needs most of all a clear understanding of the fundamental principles as Lister insisted again and again. It is perhaps worth while to remind the reader that, now that the obscurity of the sources of infection has been largely removed, the fundamental principles of antisepsis and asepsis are really the same. Given an aseptic field of operation, asepsis strives to keep it clean, but when the field is presumably septic some form of antisepsis must be adopted; it need not, however, have the full complexity of the original Listerism, and it is perfectly clear that the free use of carbolic acid has many limitations; in fact, Lister himself early declared that the antiseptic means might be very various.

The successful outcome of the application of the antiseptic treatment in Glasgow and Edinburgh was in itself a great victory, but with it came a period of anxiety. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the story of Lister because of the opposition which his new method aroused, and because of the patience and quiet persistence with which he passed through these trials. Not only was he long without honor in his own country, but in other lands the message fell for a time on deaf ears. The message had been delivered first in 1867, and speedily some operators began to use carbolic acid and sought to do as Lister did, but mostly with unsatisfactory results. Only a few had sufficiently grasped the principles involved to succeed and became real and successful Listerians. It was in Germany that the triumph of Listerism soonest became general, but the course of events was not exactly that which Wrench gives, as the reader may easily see if he take up the address given by A. W. Schultze early in 1872, that of Thiersch in 1875, or again the various articles of v. Nussbaum. Immediately after the first publication by Lister, Thiersch had begun to use the method as he understood it, and he continued its use at Leipzig, with varying results, though the best of them were admittedly not as good as those reported by Lister. Other German surgeons also took up the antiseptic treatment early and eagerly, and for a time there was great enthusiasm. By the middle of 1871 this had much diminished, and there was even considerable opposition or actual enmity. The difficulty was that the method was not really understood, not even by many who had gone to see Lister at work. Then came a change. Surgeons still went in large numbers to Edinburgh to see whether Lister really got the results which he reported, and to learn how he did it and why they could not. Gradually some of them acquired a clear understanding of the procedures to be employed, and went home to practice for the first time the real Listerism. The conditions at Munich are a good illustration. For years v. Nussbaum, although he well knew Lister's success and thought highly of his method, had made no systematic use of the antiseptic treatment; he had, he says, "nur hier und da gelistert." In 1874 he was in despair because of the frightful amount of pyæmia and gangrene (up to 80 per cent.), and determined to give Listerism a critical and thorough trial. His success was immediate and remarkable, and he at once became a most zealous disciple and perhaps the most capable and successful promoter of the doctrine. When Lister visited Germany in the spring of 1875 the acceptance of his teaching was nearly complete and his reception at various universities was most enthusiastic.

In marked contrast to this was the attitude of the surgeons of England and this country. As early as 1869 the methods of Lister were well known in America, and a certain small amount of commendation and acceptance is found in the medical journals, but there was no general adoption of the antiseptic treatment. There was, indeed, much pronounced opposition. In view of what followed it is worth while to rescue this gem from a medical journal of 1872 and add it to Dr. Wrench's narrative, with the explanation that the writer was a Southern surgeon of much experience and was highly praised when he died three years later. Commenting on what he had heard a year or two before in an Eastern medical college, he continues:

> To credulous auditors it would have seemed very fitting that a statue of brass should be erected to Professor Lister, and that to preserve the fitness of things it should be placed in juxtaposition to one of Pandora, and while the latter should be figured with her box in her left hand, containing all the ills which afflict the human flesh, the former should hold in his right hand a vial of carbolic acid, the panacea to all the ills to which flesh has fallen heir. . . . To conclude in the soberest earnestness, though Mr. Lister's convoy, freighted with septic germs and carbolic acid, launched as it was in the shallowest waters, engendered a popular breeze which has landed its author in the chair of clinical surgery in the University of Edinburgh, it requires no prophetic vision to perceive that it needs but a little patience, the waiting a little while longer, to see this argosy of tinsel theories and overvalued goods stranded and

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wrecked on the shores of professional opinion.

Lister came to the United States in 1876 to attend the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia, but, although he had some devoted followers, his reception seems to have been cool. In the next year or two the antiseptic treatment began to be tried more generally in American hospitals, but, despite the fact that Lister had fully come to his own in England, and London had finally paid him homage, its general adoption here was painfully slow.

It came at last, and with it, or close upon its heels, came the shoots of that doctrine of asepsis which now blooms fresh and full. Already, alas! the appreciation of the fame of Lister begins to wane, and little is done to preserve a very vivid memory of him. Recently your reviewer examined a dozen of the smaller books on surgery in English—such as students sometimes read, if perchance they read anything—and it is surprising to see how completely the very word Listerism has disappeared. A suggestion of it lingers in domestic washes and lotions, and the reader may put a penny in the slot at the next corner and get a piece of "germ-proof listerated pepsin gum," but all sense of the real significance of Lister and his work is going fast. This is perhaps inevitable The achievement of Lister, though it made an epoch, is intangible. Few surgeons are now teaching who really knew the prelisterian conditions from personal observation; soon there will be none, and we cannot expect students to have any deep interest in a state of things which has gone and need not come again. We are in the midst of that beneficent progress in medicine no less than in surgery which, though it go back to Pasteur, really owes everything to Lister, who clearly saw the way and pointed it out to a cold and skeptical generation by walking in it himself; but even Pasteur would be easily forgotten by those who are interested chiefly in practical things, had he not left apparatus and methods to bear his name.

Dr. Wrench devotes relatively little space to the man in private as distinguished from the surgeon and investigator, and here the reader must read somewhat between the lines. The book has a portrait of Lister in his later years and a picture of the house where he was born. There are also illustrations showing the infirmaries at Glasgow and Edinburgh. The book is very well made, and the few typographical errors which have attracted our attention are not serious.

To Everyman's Library Dutton will soon add Hahnemann's "The Organon of the Rational Art of Healing."

Dr. Alexander Smith's "Elementary Inorganic Chemistry," for high-school use, may soon be expected from the press of the Century Company.

Dr. Ora Willis Knight, chemist and geologist and at one time State Assayer of Maine, died last week in Portland. He was born in Bangor, Me., in 1874, and graduated B.S. from the Maine State College. He was the author of "List of Birds of Maine" and "Birds of Maine."

Drama

Dutton will include this autumn in Everyman's Library another instalment of Ibsen's plays—"The Pretenders," "Pillars of Society," and "Rosmersholm."

"English University Drama, 1540-1603," by F. S. Boas, is announced by the Oxford University Press.

We have received from Macmillan two more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare, "The Tempest," edited by Herbert E. Greene, and "Antony and Cleopatra," edited by George Wyllys Benedict. These except for a volume on "The Facts About Shakespeare," which is in preparation by the general editors, Professors Neilson and Thorndike, bring the series to completion.

A versatile actor is as rare as a black swan in these days. The English actor-manager Cyril Maude, now appearing in Wallack's Theatre, has already clearly demonstrated his right to this title, a fact that invests his engagement with a special interest. Thus far he has acted three parts, widely differing in character and manner, without any betrayal of mannerisms peculiar to his own personal individuality, except an occasional indistinctness of utterance. This, in itself, is a notable feat. As Kit Bingham in "The Second in Command" he proved himself a comedian of refinement and intelligence, with pleasant veins of humor and sentiment; in "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" he evinced a capacity for melodramatic passion, and in "Beauty and the Barge" he furnished an admirable example of realistic burlesque. "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," by W. W. Jacobs and Charles Rock, is an ingenious little "shocker." He plays the part of a commercial traveller, who makes a bet that he will terrify his companions by impersonating a ghost in whose existence they disbelieve. Leaving them, as they suppose, to perfect his preparations, he suddenly breaks in upon them, in an apparent condition of shrieking hysterical terror, declaring that he has unexpectedly encountered the apparition itself. Having made them all sufficiently nervous, he permits himself to be pacified and bids them "good night," only to return speedily in the guise of the ghost. He frightens them so effectually that one of them shoots and kills him. The piece is worthy of the Grand Guignol. In his counterfeit terror Mr. Maude exhibited a striking command of theatrical resource and physical power, and indisputably stirred his audience, but did not quite convey the thrill of veracity. The elaboration of the symptoms was excessive. His agitation was palpably more muscular than emotional, and afforded no conclusive proof of his ability to interpret real passion with genuine eloquence.

As the affable and amatory Captain Barley in the "Beauty and the Barge" of W. W. Jacobs and L. N. Parker, Mr. Maude presented a complete metamorphosis from the spruce young bagman. The piece itself reflects very little credit upon either of its authors, being constructed on the purely conventional lines of the nautical farce and melodrama dating from the period of Dibdin and Marryatt. Its story is absurd and its dialogue of the cheapest. But to Barley there clings a faint odor of truth. There is nothing of the bargee about him. His dominating attribute of affability alone would exclude him from that class. He can be associated with the type of ancient shellbacks, boatmen, or loafers, all inveterate liars, who infest British watering places. Mr. Maude knows the breed—Nat Goodwin, who tried the part here years ago and tried to idealize it, failed miserably—and embodies this variation of it delightfully, softening its asperities and gracing it with cleanliness and vivacity. Although his impersonation is touched by the spirit of burlesque, it is perfectly consistent, and true enough in many of its details to be human. His exact status as an actor is still uncertain, but he is an accomplished artist.

There is some good and much inferior work in "The Strange Woman" of W. Hurlbut, at the Lyceum Theatre. The play is based upon a useful dramatic idea, the contrast of old and new thought and of cosmopolitan and rural manners, but the construction is slipshod, and much of the characterization is conventional and extravagant. The first two acts are virtually a manifesto against official marriage regulations of any kind. The heroine, an American who has lived in Europe since childhood, married a brute. Having left him, she attributes her sufferings to the ceremony which enslaved her, and determines never to marry again. When she meets her ideal, a gifted young artist from Iowa, she agrees to be his mate, but only on condition that their union shall be one of mutual agreement, free from all legal contract. Naturally, her arrival in Iowa, with these views, which she promulgates boldly, creates a lively local disturbance. But her married critics are so open to attack that she is able to discomfit them utterly. She triumphs all along the line, but she is so affected by the unselfish devotion of her lover's mother that she resolves to sacrifice all her own feelings rather than wound the old lady's, and so elects to conform to custom and be married in the usual way. The conclusion is sane, but is by no means a logical or convincing result of the premises. But the character of Inez is well conceived and drawn and is enacted with so much cleverness, distinction, and force by Elsie Ferguson that the play is likely to prosper in spite of its defects.

The idea of a repertory theatre for London, producing only the best plays by the greatest authors, living and dead, and charging the sum of fourpence for every seat in the house, was outlined recently in a lecture by Miss Rosina Filippi. The scheme, she said, has met with unqualified success in Italy, and if it works in London she proposes to extend it to all the larger towns in England. Describing the theatre now in existence in Milan, where it was founded by "Umano," the friend of the Italian poor, she said it contained 2,300 seats, all cushioned, comfortable, and possessing an uninterrupted view of a huge stage, and

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all priced at fourpence each. The theatre was constructed out of a dilapidated drill-hall. Plays by Alexandre Dumas, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Pinero, J. M. Barrie, the Greek dramatists, Goldoni, Sheridan, Shakespeare, and Molière, had been produced.

Music

Forty Songs by Adolf Jensen. Edited by William Foster Apthorp. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Twelve Songs by Claude Debussy. Edited by Charles Fonteyn Manney. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Folk Songs of Eastern Europe. Edited by Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

The Rose Bearer. By Richard Strauss. New York: Chappell & Co.

In no other department of music has there been so great a change within the last quarter of a century as in the field of vocal entertainment. Before 1890 there were few song recitals. It took the supreme art and popularity of Lilli Lehmann, Sembrich, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, and others to convince the public that lyric songs may sound as well in a concert hall as in a drawing room. To-day everybody who has a few hundred dollars to pay for a hall gives recitals, and while most of these are unprofitable to the singers, they help to make the public acquainted with a multitude of *lieder*. So large is the number of these songs, of the past and present, that there is a great and growing need of guidance for those who desire the best; and it is from this point of view, particularly, that we must welcome the Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Company, which now includes sixty-eight volumes, twenty-eight of which contain the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Grieg, Liszt, Wolf, Tchaikovsky, and other masters, judiciously selected and edited by competent specialists. The Musicians' Library might be called an aid to the survival of the fittest, and it is encouraging to know that more than 200,000 copies of the song and piano volumes have been sold.

The latest addition is a collection including forty songs of the 160 or so composed by Adolf Jensen, selected by the late William Foster Apthorp, and prefaced by a biographical and critical sketch from his pen. There are some "advanced" amateurs and professionals who look on the songs of Jensen as antiquated; but genuine melodies never become stale, and in his songs there are many such melodies, which when well sung at a recital are almost sure to be redemanded. Hans von Bülow, who had a great admiration for Jensen's pianoforte pieces, placed the songs above them. He admired in these, among other things, the orchestral richness of the pianoforte accompaniment and Jensen's thoroughly idiomatic writing for the voice; and he looked on him as the heir of Schumann, which opinion is shared by Dr. Riemann. Mr. Apthorp admired in his songs "great elegance, charm, and spontaneity of melody, harmonic subtlety, warmth of emotional expression, and southern richness of coloring. . . . If there is one word which describes his habitual vein better than another, that word is 'lusciousness.'" It was his lusciousness which endeared his songs to the public, but at the same time estranged the academicians: "His peculiar sensuous tenderness, his love for the more languid chromatics, must have seemed weak and unworthy to those old Popes and Pagans. If there is one thing your dry-asdust abhors more than another, it is lusciousness!"

Perhaps the most luscious of all Jensen's songs is the "Press Thy Cheek Against My Own." Mr. Apthorp once censured the editor of a volume of fifty mastersongs for including this one; now his own volume begins with it. On the whole his selections are judicious, yet one regrets the absence of several gems, notably "My Heart's in the Highlands" and "Row Gently Here, My Gondolier." The sympathetic sketch of Jensen's pathetic life given by the editor will interest those singers who use their brains as well as their vocal cords, and will add zest to their interpretations.

For a striking and instructive contrast to Jensen's songs, with their frank, broad melody, one may turn to the songs of Debussy, twelve of the best of which Mr. Manney has united in a volume. Debussy's songs are now in fashion. How long they will remain so, it is difficult to predict. While banishing melody from his opera, this composer graciously admitted that it is permissible in songs; but in his own songs it is not the most interesting element. The opinion is gaining ground that his best compositions are those for piano; and in his songs, too, one finds the chief allurements in the harmonic subtleties and the rhythmic peculiarities of the piano part. The present collection begins with the most popular of his songs, "The Mandolin," and includes other favorites.

The "Folk Songs of Eastern Europe" form a still greater contrast to Debussy's than Jensen's do, for they are all melody, with only the simplest accompaniment, which any one can play. There are fifty of them, representing fourteen nations, among them the Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Finnish, Croatian, Bohemian, all of them famous for the beauty of their wild flowers of song, which fame this collection justifies.

The most popular of Richard Strauss's operas, "The Rose-Bearer," is to be produced this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. It owes its popularity largely to its waltzes, with which this composer entered into competition with Johann Strauss. Of these waltzes one can get a good idea by playing the vocal score, a beautifully printed volume of 451 pages, in which an effort seems to have been made throughout to avoid too great complexity. For the further study of this comic opera, before or after its production, there is also a guide to the music by Alfred Schattmann, translated into English by Alfred Kalisch (New York: G. Schirmer), a book of no less than 88 pages, analyzing the score in considerable detail, with a presentation of all the musical themes—most of them amazingly inane—in musical type. A story of the worth of these themes as fully elaborated must be deferred till after the production of the opera.

Putnams will have ready this month "Latin Songs, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Music," by Calvin S. Brown.

The Oxford University Press has in preparation "Music of Hindostan," by A. H. Fox-Strangways.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Richard Strauss's much-talked-of opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," is scheduled for the early part of December, to be followed during the Christmas holidays by "L'Amore dei tre Re," a musical setting of Sem Benelli's poetic drama by a young Italian composer, Italo Montemezzi. The revival of "Carmen," long missed from the répertoire, will come after New Year's day. After "Carmen" will come Victor Herbert's one-act opera in English, "Madeleine," and later, in February, the first production outside of France of "Julien," the new opera by Gustave Charpentier, the composer of "Louise," who will come to America to assist at the rehearsals and be present at the New York première. Towards the end of the season Wolf-Ferrari's "L'Amore Medico" will be given, and a revival of Verdi's "Falstaff," which Mr. Toscanini has been conducting with success in Italy. Besides the settings necessary for the novelties, new scenery has been provided for the entire "Ring" and for the operas revived.

When Gounod's "Faust" was first produced, the European critics did not like it, and a New York journalist declared there was only one melody in the whole opera. The London critics went to Paris and wrote scoffing accounts of it to their papers. There was one conspicuous exception—H. Chorley. He recognized its possibilities, but the managers and publishers were guided by the adverse verdict of the others. Finally Chorley persuaded Tom Chappell to venture as much as forty pounds on the opera. He bought the English rights and made a fortune. As for Chorley, he made for the opera, when first produced in London, an English version, which has been in use at Covent Garden for half a century.

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It is now to be replaced by a new one, made by Alfred Kalisch.

Excerpts from Lilli Lehmann's autobiography, to which she has given the significant title, "My Way," have already appeared in some of the leading Continental papers, and tell of that most interesting period in her life, the Bayreuth days of 1875 and 1876, of her intercourse with Wagner, and of much that occurred there when the "Nibelungen Ring" was studied and first given. An English translation is in preparation, and will follow the original before long.

Art

A NOTE ON LITHOGRAPHY.

LONDON, November 5.

From year to year I have noted the progress of the Senefelder Club, which is devoted to the advancement of artistic lithography, because its endeavor to reëstablish an art that had fallen on evil days is, I think, one of the most interesting experiments made of late by artists. It is useless to point out the beauty of the art and its wide scope, useless to repeat the history of its invention, its triumphs, its commercial degradation, the efforts to revive it at the time of its hundredth anniversary, the failure that followed, and the indifference that prevailed until five years ago, when a small group of artists working in London formed this organization.

The indifference, the ignorance, against which the Club had to contend at the start were all but hopeless. Print dealers, save the intelligent few, fought shy of lithographs; collectors, again with the rare exception, despised them. The size of the lithograph was one of the crimes charged against it, though lithographers might protest that many etchings, Piranesi's, for instance, are often as large, and that many artists, notably Whistler, worked on stones as small as their copper plates. Then, the offence was in the number of prints that can be pulled from a stone, the collector prizing a print for its rarity rather than for any artistic value, and he refused to see that a lithographer can limit his edition of a print as well as an etcher, destroy the stone when it has yielded the number of prints required, and show a proof from the destroyed stone if his word is not sufficient guarantee—the members of the Club restrict their editions to fifty. Even the average artist shared the general prejudice, and it is not so long since the Royal Academy, which of old had included the distinguished lithographer Lane among its members, rejected a lithograph on the ground that no mechanical reproduction could be allowed on the Academy walls, now reserved for the real steel engraving and popular etching. When artists display such ignorance of what a lithograph is, it is not so surprising that our wise customs officials should once have refused to deliver the work of the Senefelder Club to an American gallery, because the prints were described as lithographs and were not lithographs: the customs officials' idea of a lithograph being no doubt the flaming circus poster and the canned-goods label.

But the last five years have made a difference. The dealer not only consents to look at lithographs, but hangs them on his walls, the collector finds a place for them in his printfolios. All sorts of straws show which way the lithographic wind is blowing—the number of artists who now practice the art, the appointment of a special "Printer to the Club," the interest in lithography of the two or three London critics who count and the consequent falling in line of the others who have no mind of their own, the more frequent use of lithographs in illustrated books and periodicals, the prices brought by lithographs in the saleroom. An excellent test was the dispersal of the late T. R. Way's collections, when at Sotheby's not only the Whistlers, but the lithographs by other artists, were in greater demand than ever before. Lithography, it is evident, is in the air. And, with their success, the members of the Senefelder Club have by no means slackened in their efforts. Their fifth exhibition, which has just opened, finds them in the gallery of Goupil & Co., the largest and most spacious in which they have as yet exhibited; showing the strongest work they have yet done; enjoying the official recognition of such honorary members as Léonce Bénédite, conservateur of the Luxembourg; Campbell Dodgson, keeper of the Print Room at the British Museum; E. F. Strange, keeper of the Department of Illustration and Engraving at South Kensington; A. J. Parsons, chief of the Department of Prints at the Library of Congress; Dr. Hans W. Singer, assistant keeper of the Royal Print Room at the Dresden Gallery; Commendatore Ugo Ojetti, of the Superior Council for Art in Italy. The Club has attracted to itself a long list of lay members, who are to receive each year a signed proof specially drawn by a member, and this first year the edition of the first lithograph issued for the purpose—The New Bay of Baiæ, by the president of the Club—was exhausted before the exhibition opened; and J. McLure Hamilton is preparing the second. Because it is another sign of the way things are going with lithography, I may add that, while there are only eighteen members, already the lay members number eighty.

All this success would count for little if the quality of the work done by members did not continue to justify it. But it does. Year by year the members seem to get a firmer grasp of their medium, to express themselves more eloquently in it, to understand better what it can and cannot do. And it can do a great deal. It is sometimes objected, by those who do not know, that the technical possibilities of the lithograph are as limited as its printing possibilities are unlimited. The collection now on the walls exposes triumphantly the folly of such an objection. The variety which the stone is capable of yielding to the artist who has mastered it is shown in the contrast between the large and broadly treated prints by Brangwyn and Spencer Pryse at one extreme, and the small studies like pencil sketches by Harry Becker at the other; between the depth of the blacks in John Copley's series and the pale silvery tone in the grays of Daniel Wehrschmidt; between the mere suggestion of color in Anthony Barker's and the elaborate color scheme in the late T. R. Way's; between the brilliant notes of a pose, a movement, a flow of drapery by McLure Hamilton and the impressions of the Temples of Greece by Joseph Pennell, who is just now exhibiting a more complete series of the same subject at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, several of which have been purchased for the British School at Athens. The fact is, the charm of lithography to the artist is that it will give him almost anything he desires, allowing him a freedom not to be had from the etcher's needle or the engraver's burin. A promise of still greater freedom to come is in Pennell's further exhibit of an original drawing on lithographic paper, together with the zinc plate to which it has been transferred, and a proof from the zinc pulled on a copper-plate press. The artist who prints his own lithographs does not need to be told how great is his gain if he can use a metal plate instead of a stone and pull his proofs on his own etching press.

It is curious that in all their experiments, even the most startling, these modern lithographers are only carrying out the methods and ideas of Senefelder, who left nothing for his disciples to discover. It is creditable to them that they do not forget their indebtedness, this year printing as a note to their catalogue quotations from Senefelder's book, with an acknowledgment of him as their guide and of their own ambition to fulfil his wish that his invention would find many friends and produce many excellent lithographers. "May God grant my wish!" is Senefelder's prayer at the end of one of the most interesting passages in one of the most interesting autobiographies ever written.

N. N.

Putnams publish this week "Animal Sculpture: Suggestions for Greater Realism in Modelling," by Walter Winans.

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, whose books

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on stained glass in France and England have won popularity, now presents "A Stained Glass Tour in Italy" (Lane). Italy is not a glass country, but, as Mr. Sherrill points out, it makes up in variety and quality for what it lacks in quantity. Assisi, Florence, and Arezzo must be seriously reckoned with even by those who know their France. A beautiful form of window, the round without tracery (*occhio*), is peculiar to Italy. The best examples are of the first half of the fifteenth century with such designers as Uccello and Ghiberti. Mr. Sherrill is a competent and agreeable cicerone, but possibly too intent on the main issue. It would, for example, do the tourist no harm to know that the chapel at the end of the North Transept of Santa Maria Novella is the Orcagna chapel, and under Strozzi patronage. The book is easy to read and contains thirty-three illustrations.

Finance

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE CURRENCY BILL.

[The purpose of the subjoined article is not to argue in favor of any one system or plan of the Banking and Currency bill against another, but to give a clear idea of the House plan—why it took its present form, whether it would accomplish the necessary reforms, and how the proposed new note-issue currency would work. The questions and answers are based on a number of actual inquiries received from readers, dealing with all aspects of the pending bill.]

Query.—Why should the present national banking system be changed?

Answer.—Because the present system creates no organism whereby a centralized cash reserve and credit power can exist, to be utilized by individual banks in an emergency. Because the note-issue machinery, being dependent on the supply of United States bonds required as security for such notes, cannot expand and contract according to the requirements of trade for a larger or a smaller hand-to-hand circulating medium. The system is therefore unsatisfactory in dealing with fluctuating trade conditions, and gravely inadequate in a financial panic.

Q.—Did our present system cause the panic of 1907?

A.—It certainly did not; but it left the country's banking organism, when the panic had actually broken out, without the protection which the central banks of Europe give. Hence the peculiar phenomena of 1907—the "scramble of banks for reserve money," the suspension of cash payments, the inability of employers to get currency for their weekly pay-rolls, and the premium on currency.

Q.—What would a new system undertake to offer?

A.—Opportunity for an individual bank to borrow from a central institution, on the security of commercial paper already held as security for its own loans to its customers; thus releasing some of the bank's resources for other purposes. A note-issue system whereby individual banks might obtain from the same central institution, on proper security, notes to pay out when their customers wished to withdraw their deposits in that form, such notes to be redeemed automatically when the customers no longer had use for them. Protection of all subsidiary banks by a strong central institution in a financial emergency—by taking over their sound commercial paper, in exchange for increased reserve money or for circulating notes.

Q.—What is the theoretically ideal system for such purposes?

A.—A single central bank.

Q.—Why is not that system now proposed by Congress?

A.—Because a single central bank, with branches, would necessarily be either under majority control of the banking interest (which public opinion strongly opposes, because of the resultant extreme centralization of power in private hands), or under majority control of political appointees (which would give political power and patronage, and would open possibilities of unfit appointments under political pressure, such as public opinion considers dangerous).

Q.—Why is the plan proposed, in the pending House bill, of several central banks, each serving a specified district of the country?

A.—On the ground that it would escape the dangers just referred to.

Q.—How would it escape them?

A.—By giving to each regional bank, under a board of directors controlled by banks in the district, the independent management of the business of a central bank in that district, but leaving the national supervision in the hands of the Government.

Q.—Would the plan meet the requirements desired for a new system?

A.—It would establish machinery whereby individual banks could rediscount their commercial paper; whereby the note issue could expand and contract along with the needs of trade, and whereby the banks in the district could resort to the regional central bank for support in a financial crisis.

Q.—Does the bill provide the right number of regional central banks?

A.—It is very generally admitted that twelve of them, as provided in the House bill, would be too many, because some of the districts would be relatively so inferior in financial resources to the others as to place them at a perpetual disadvantage and to prevent the regional bank from acquiring the strength which it should have.

Q.—Why does the bill provide for a national board, with supervisory authority over all the regional banks?

A.—First, because, as in the present national bank system, national supervision over the details of the note-issue system is essential; secondly, because there are occasions in which a national emergency might require some national authority to insure that the regional banks should act in harmony.

Q.—Why is this board to be made up, as the bill now stands, of political appointees?

A.—On the ground that governmental supervision could not properly be conducted by appointees of the interests which were to be supervised.

Q.—Would the proposed national board manage the banking business of the country?

A.—It would not; in all matters of banking policy the regional bank directorates act independently, subject to the above supervisory authority on exceptional occasions. Over the ordinary business of an individual bank, the national board has no control at all.

Q.—Are the powers conferred on this national board too large?

A.—The best critics hold that the powers conferred are necessary, but that their exercise ought to be restricted, at least by insuring that qualified representatives of the banking and business interests should have official right to participate in the discussion of policies by the national board. There are two suggestions for insuring this—giving to the banks a minority representation on the board itself, or giving to the advisory committee chosen by the banks, already provided for in the bill, the right to sit with the national board at all its meetings.

Q.—Does the Government issue the notes?

A.—It prints them, and delivers them to a regional bank which applies for them, which pledges an equal amount of high-grade commercial paper, and which establishes a 33 1-3 per cent. reserve in lawful money against them. The Government cannot of itself put into circulation a single note, and it can deliver none to the banks except when a regional bank applies for them.

Q.—Is it true that the notes would be fiat money?

A.—Not unless a new definition of fiat money is contrived. A Government creates fiat money when it pays its own bills in notes, which it forces its creditors to accept by declaring that the notes are lawful money. Under the pending bill, the Government would neither pay its bills by issuing the proposed new notes, nor force anybody to accept the notes, nor declare them to be "lawful money."

Q.—But are they not Government paper money?

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A.—Not more so than the present national banknotes, which are printed by the Government, issued by it to banks applying for them (on deposit of Government bonds and maintenance of a 5 per cent. redemption fund), and redeemed by it.

Q.—Why, then, does the House bill describe the notes as "obligations of the United States," and why does it refer to them as issued by the Government "for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks"?

A.—The first declaration amounts to a Government guarantee of the redemption of the notes. The second is nonsense, and was presumably inserted in the bill by the Bryan faction, who wished to persuade their friends that the Government was somehow using money of its own, and lending it to the regional banks; which is not in the least the case. This foolish assertion ought to be stricken out.

Q.—Ought the Government to guarantee the notes?

A.—It is a dangerous practice in its implications, and the experience with our present national banknote system proves it to be wholly unnecessary. The reasons why no popular distrust has ever attached to the present banknotes are that the notes are always redeemed by the Treasury out of the redemption fund provided by issuing banks; that the notes are prepared by the Government, are marked "national currency, United States of America," are countersigned by the United States Treasurer and the Register of the Treasury, and are known to be abundantly secured by United States bonds pledged with the Government.

Q.—Should not the notes be made redeemable in gold, and not in "lawful money," and should not the redemption reserve be kept in gold alone?

A.—There are good reasons for stipulating gold alone. Nevertheless, the present national bank circulation is and always has been redeemable, under the law, merely in lawful money, and not in gold alone.

Q.—Would there be any danger of inflation of the currency, under the House bill's provisions?

A.—That would depend on three things: The desire of individual banks to get notes instead of book credits or reserve money, in utilizing their balances with the regional banks. The ability or willingness of such banks to give up their own reserve money in order to establish the 33 1-3 per cent. reserve against the notes, when the required ratio of reserve against deposits is much smaller. The extent to which the notes would go to the Treasury or the regional bank for redemption, when no longer needed in circulation.

Q.—Would they be promptly redeemed, under the present provisions of the bill, or would they go into permanent general circulation?

A.—An individual bank, with which such notes were deposited by customers, would naturally redeem them quickly, because it can get reserve money by presenting them, and can thereby work more freely in the loan market. The proposed new notes cannot, under the bill, be used for bank reserves. Also, a regional central bank which receives the notes of another district, is required by the law to present them for redemption, under penalty of a 10 per cent. tax if it pays them out again.

Q.—Ought the bill to be passed in its present form?

A.—It undoubtedly needs amendment in the number of regional banks, in the restrictions on the power of the national board, in its misleading language regarding the Government functions in the note issue. There is also need for more thorough consideration of such matters as the arrangements for subscription to stock of regional banks, the provision for Government bonds now pledged against banknote circulation under the present law, and particular stipulations as to the printing of the notes, so as to guard against counterfeit.

Q.—Is there not a chance of substituting a satisfactory plan for a single central bank?

A.—No such plan has yet been proposed whose provisions regarding control did not encounter weighty objections from unbiassed experts and from the public generally. Congressional opinion is, and has been all along, overwhelmingly against it. The enactment of any banking law on that basis, at the present time, is regarded as a political impossibility.

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Birmingham, G. A. Irishmen All. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Booth, Meyrick. Rudolf Eucken. Scribner.
Bowley, A. L. A General Course of Pure Mathematics. Oxford University Press.
Bridges, Robert. The Growth of Love. (Holiday edition.) Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Brown, Mary E. Dedications: An Anthology of Forms. Putnam.
Bryant, Marguerite. The Dominant Passion. Duffield. $1.35 net.
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Cannon, I. M. Social Work in Hospitals. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50.
Carr, S. P. Billy To-morrow's Chums. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Comfort, W. L. Down Among Men. Doran. $1.25 net.
Coussens, P. W. A Child's Book of Stories. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. Duffield.
Crothers, S. McC. Three Lords of Destiny. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Cuthell, E. E. A Vagabond Courtier: From the Memoirs and Letters of Baron Charles Louis von Pöllnitz. 2 vols. Brentano. $6 net.
Dale, T. N. The Scientific Spirit Applied to Living Subjects. Pittsfield, Mass.: Sun Printing Co. 35 cents.
Densmore, Frances. Chippewa Music—II. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Dowling, M. C. Reading, Writing and Speaking Spanish. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Dowson, Ernest. The Pierrot of the Minute: A Dramatic Phantasy in One Act. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Eden, H. P. Bread and Circuses. Lane. $1.25 net.
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Fleming, J. A. The Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy. Edwin S. Gorham. $1.40.
Gallatin, A. E. Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeill Whistler. Lane. $3 net.
Gilbert, R. V. English Writers. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Gilchrist, B. B. Helen and the Uninvited Guests. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Gordon, A. R. The Poetry and Wisdom of the Old Testament. Scribner.
Grimm, A. L. Die sieben Reisen Sinbads des Seemannes. Edited with notes by K. C. H. Drechsel. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Grinnell, J., and Swarth, H. S. Birds and Mammals of the San Jacinto Area of Southern California. University of California Press.
Hall, F. W. A Companion to Classical Texts. Oxford University Press.
Heine's Atta Troll. Translated by Herman Scheffauer with introduction by Oscar Levy. London: Sidgwick & Jackson.
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Kellicott, W. E. Outlines of Chordate Development. Holt.
Kingsford, C. L. English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century. Oxford University Press.
Kirkland, Winifred. The Christmas Bishop. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.
Korea. Annual Report on Reforms and Progress in Chosen (Korea)—1911-12. Seul: Government General of Chosen.
Kraus, Herbert. Die Monroedoktrin. Berlin: J. Guttentag.
La Farge, John. The Gospel Story in Art. Macmillan. $5 net.
Lambeth, W. A., and Manning, W. H. Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $10 net.
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Ramsay, J. H. The Genesis of Lancaster. (1307-1399.) 2 vols. Oxford University Press.
Renwick, George. Luxembourg: The Grand Duchy and its People. Scribner.
Répertoire d'Art et d'Archéologie. Troisième Année—1912; Quatrième Année—1913. Paris: Bibliothèque d'Art et d'Archéologie.
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